New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR | AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XI. New Oxford, Pa., Friday, August 9, 1889. Number 4.

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-J. W. DICKS-

—DEALER IN—
Pure Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicas,
Patent Medicines,
Toiet Articles,
Choice Perfumery,
Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,
Cigars & Tobacco,
Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medical use only.
Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. ☞ All goods in either department warranted as represented.

We are prepared to do
All Kinds of Job Work!

Great Bargains In
FURNITURE!

Are now being offered at
P. FEISER'S CHEAP **FURNITURE ROOMS,**
Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of

Chamber & Parlor Suits,

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock o

Sideboards, Bedsteads,

Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks &c., of my Own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money, than any house in the county. ☞ UNDERTAKING a specialty in all its various branches.
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The Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulky volume of reports on the mischief done by the English sparrow. The conclusions are that all laws protecting the English sparrow ought to be repealed, and the killing of the sparrow and destruction of its nest and eggs at any season legalized. Further, it should be a punishable offense willfully to shelter the sparrow or to introduce it to new localities. The birds that feed on the sparrow, as the butcher bird, sparrow hawk and screech owl, should be protected; and game constables or commissioners of public parks, should have it as part of their duty to bring about the destruction of these sparrows as far as possible. It is beyond all question that these become a serious nuisance. They are quarrelsome and destructive. It is not generally know that they have one excellence; they are good eating.

The food consumed on one of the large steamships from New York to Liverpool is as follows: Nine thousand five hundreds of beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowls, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 50 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins of sardines, 300 plovers, 175 pounds of sausages, 1,200 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2,000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of sauces, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, 6 tons of potatoes, 24 barrels of flour.

Numbered with comparatively new claimants for favor is the Belleek china made in New Jersey. This beautiful ware is noted for the delicacy of its coloring and its extreme lightness. In this latter respect it may be said to rival the old eggshell of the Chinese. Especially dainty are the dinner coffees, one dozen of which make twenty-four separate pieces, weighs only sixteen ounces, avoirdupois. The most striking pieces of the Belleek china are, however, large vases of artistic modeling and presenting richly elaborate decorations in enamels or gold relief and chasing.

A small boy near Limenburg, Mass., asked his father for some money and was told to go in the garden and he would get a cent apiece for all the potato bugs he could show at night. When evening came he displayed to his astonished parent 640 bugs and received $6.40, but the business arrangements terminated right there.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for 25cts, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.
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A fire in San Luis, Cuba, recently, destroyed 60 houses. Two children were burned to death.

A Pretty Big Tree.

An Elmer (Ore.) paper publishes the following remarkable story: "E. C. Stamper, a citizen of Elmer, has just completed working up a fir tree which grew on his place adjoining town. He received $12 for the bark; built a frame house 14x20, 8 feet feet high, with shed kitchen 8 feet feet wide and 20 feet long; built a wood shed 14x20 feet; made 330 fence rails 10 feet long; made 334 railroad ties and 500 boards 6 inches wide and 2 feet long, and fifteen cords of wood, 3 feet wide and 8 feet long, all from one tree, and has part of the tree left."

One of the strangest stories of this summer, of the truth of which there is no doubt, is that of the disappearance and return to his home of E. T. Brown, a prominent citizen of Wichita, Kansas. He disappeared last January, and, when search was instituted, was traced almost to his home on the night of his disappearance, and there evidence was found apparently showing that he had been the victim of foul play. For a time there was a great hunt for his body; then suspicions were aroused that he had been hidden to escape his creditors and permit the collection of insurance on his life. His wife was obliged to open a school to support herself and children, and not long ago her husband returned to her, a demented man, with a scar on his head corresponding to an indentation on his hat that had been found after he disappeared. He appears to be slowly recovering, but is still unable to tell what happened to him or where he has been for the last six months.

Wesley Elkins, an 11-year-old boy of Elk township, Clayton county, Iowa, last Wednesday night, murdered his father and step-mother. He drove four miles with his baby sister to a neighbor's house, and said he had found his parents murdered, and had fled for self-protection. He subsequently confessed his crime, saying that he had had "some difficulty with his father," whom he shot, the noise aroused his step-mother, who was then killed with a club by the young fiend in order to escape detection.

There is a new war-scare in Europe, or rather a reappearance of the same perenial bugaboo which has been hanging on the horizon for two years yast. It is so difficult of analysis and so many far-reaching conditions attach to it that the situation is almost incapable of intelligent discussion. The nations are in the attitude of fearful expectation, but dread the onset as they do the crack o' doom. They are much like two strutting, bragging school boys, facing each other for a fight—"one is afraid and the other dassent."

A terrible state of affairs prevails among the Illinois coal miners, who are locked out. Six thousand persons are on the verge of starvation and the relief from Chicago and other cities are inadequate.

An American syndicate is reported to have offered 8,000,000 francs for the right of keeping a gambling house like that at Monte Carlo at Toftchider, Hungary. The authorities, however, hesitate, thought it would bring enormous profits to the town.

A block of buildings in Ripley, Ohio, embracing the Ripley Mill and Lumber Company, Phoenix Foundry, Rady's and Ohio Valley piano manufactories, were destroyed by fire Friday. The loss is estimated at $200,000, and 300 men are thrown out of employment.

At Atlanta, Buck Henderson, a negro carpenter, was instantly killed by lightning Friday while at work on a house. The shock knocked Henderson and another carpenter named Simmons from the top of the house.

Thomas and Edgar Matheny were killed and William Matheny and Thos. Dodd fatally injured while blasting on a railroad cut at Clarksburg, W. Va., Friday.

A common cold should not be neglected. Dowitt's Elixir will cure it.
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The food consumed on one of the large steamships from New York to Liverpool is as follows: Nine thousand five hundreds of beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowls, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 50 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins of sardines, 300 plovers, 175 pounds of sausages, 1,200 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2,000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of sauces, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, 6 tons of potatoes, 24 barrels of flour.

Numbered with comparatively new claimants for favor is the Belleek china made in New Jersey. This beautiful ware is noted for the delicacy of its coloring and its extreme lightness. In this latter respect it may be said to rival the old eggshell of the Chinese. Especially dainty are the dinner coffees, one dozen of which make twenty-four separate pieces, weighs only sixteen ounces, avoirdupois. The most striking pieces of the Belleek china are, however, large vases of artistic modeling and presenting richly elaborate decorations in enamels or gold relief and chasing.

A small boy near Limenburg, Mass., asked his father for some money and was told to go in the garden and he would get a cent apiece for all the potato bugs he could show at night. When evening came he displayed to his astonished parent 640 bugs and received $6.40, but the business arrangements terminated right there.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for 25cts, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

A fire in San Luis, Cuba, recently, destroyed 60 houses. Two children were burned to death.

A Pretty Big Tree.

An Elmer (Ore.) paper publishes the following remarkable story: "E. C. Stamper, a citizen of Elmer, has just completed working up a fir tree which grew on his place adjoining town. He received $12 for the bark; built a frame house 14x20, 8 feet feet high, with shed kitchen 8 feet feet wide and 20 feet long; built a wood shed 14x20 feet; made 330 fence rails 10 feet long; made 334 railroad ties and 500 boards 6 inches wide and 2 feet long, and fifteen cords of wood, 3 feet wide and 8 feet long, all from one tree, and has part of the tree left."

One of the strangest stories of this summer, of the truth of which there is no doubt, is that of the disappearance and return to his home of E. T. Brown, a prominent citizen of Witchita, Kansas. He disappeared last January, and, when search was instituted, was traced almost to his home on the night of his disappearance, and there evidence was found apparently showing that he had been the victim of foul play. For a time there was a great hunt for his body; then suspicions were aroused that he had been hidden to escape his creditors and permit the collection of insurance on his life. His wife was obliged to open a school to support herself and children, and not long ago her husband returned to her, a demented man, with a scar on his head corresponding to an indentation on his hat that had been found after he disappeared. He appears to be slowly recovering, but is still unable to tell what happened to him or where he has been for the last six months.

Wesley Elkins, an 11-year-old boy of Elk township, Clayton county, Iowa, last Wednesday night, murdered his father and step-mother. He drove four miles with his baby sister to a neighbor's house, and said he had found his parents murdered, and had fled for self-protection. He subsequently confessed his crime, saying that he had had "some difficulty with his father," whom he shot, the noise aroused his step-mother, who was then killed with a club by the young fiend in order to escape detection.

There is a new war-scare in Europe, or rather a reappearance of the same perenial bugaboo which has been hanging on the horizon for two years yast. It is so difficult of analysis and so many far-reaching conditions attach to it that the situation is almost incapable of intelligent discussion. The nations are in the attitude of fearful expectation, but dread the onset as they do the crack o' doom. They are much like two strutting, bragging school boys, facing each other for a fight—"one is afraid and the other dassent."

A terrible state of affairs prevails among the Illinois coal miners, who are locked out. Six thousand persons are on the verge of starvation and the relief from Chicago and other cities are inadequate.

An American syndicate is reported to have offered 8,000,000 francs for the right of keeping a gambling house like that at Monte Carlo at Toftchider, Hungary. The authorities, however, hesitate, thought it would bring enormous profits to the town.

A block of buildings in Ripley, Ohio, embracing the Ripley Mill and Lumber Company, Phœnix Foundry, Rady's and Ohio Valley piano manufactories, were destroyed by fire Friday. The loss is estimated at $200,000, and 300 men are thrown out of employment.

At Atlanta, Buck Henderson, a negro carpenter, was instantly killed by lightning Friday while at work on a house. The shock knocked Henderson and another carpenter named Simmons from the top of the house.

Thomas and Edgar Matheny were killed and William Matheny and Thos. Dodd fatally injured while blasting on a railroad cut at Clarksburg, W. Va., Friday.

A common cold should not be neglected. Dowe's Elixir will cure it.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Judge Prendergast, of Chicago, in a lengthy decision regarding the Cook County (Ill.) insane asylum, recommends that the institution be removed from political influence.

The Emperor of China desires to reorganize the police and fire departments of that country, and he has directed a representative of his minister at Washington to go to Chicago and get pointers.

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The New York *Herald* editorially observes: "Here in the East it is said to be liquor which creates a criminal class. The people of San Francisco, however, dread the opium habit—'hitting the pipe,' as it is called—as much as they do whisky. The *Daily Examiner* states that out of a little more than three hundred prisoners in the House of Correction very nearly one hundred are 'opium fiends.' These criminals are not Chinamen, mind you, but Americans. It is really a startling assertion that in any part of the Union one-third of the convicts are confirmed opium eaters and smokers. But opium and cocaine yield so handsome a profit that it is very difficult to enact a law either to prohibit or restrict their use."

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Boerhaave, the famous physician, declared that a man was more likely to get well by climbing a tree than by drinking a decoctiom made of its leaves!—that is, he thought exercise better than medicine. It is on this principle that the Queen of Sweden, whose nervous condition has given rise to much anxiety, is being treated. She is ordered to make her bed and sweep her room, besides taking a large amount of walking exercise. This method—the "housemaid treatment," as he calls it—has inspired a cynical journalist with some suggestions which are, perhaps, wiser than he knows. He advises the "office-boy treatment" for the dyspeptic millionaire, the "groom treatment" for the Cræsus whose liver is too much with him, the "country postmen treatment" for the obese financier, the "nursemaid treatment" for the hysterical woman who cannot stand a child's cry, and the "old-clothes woman treatment" for the lady who faints at the sight of a powder.

LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile come back—
  That sunshine of her face
That used to make this worn earth seem
  At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me;
  The features are the same;
But, oh! the smile is out of them
  And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still: I went
  With her the other day,
To meet a long-missed friend, and while
  We still were on the way.
Here confidence in waiting love
  Brought back, for me to see,
That old-time love-light to her eyes
  That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me;
  They say I might have fame.
I like those gewgaws quite as well
  As others like those same.
But I care not for what I have,
  Nor lust for what I lack
One tithe as much as my heart long
  To call that lost light back.

Come back! dear banished smile, come back!
  And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes
  That in thy stead would thrive.
Who wants the earth without the sun?
  And what has life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as it's price,
  It leaves me robbed of thee!

—*Edward S. Martin, in Scribner.*

FOUND GUILTY.

The man who its down to deliberately plan a crime works every point and detail to one common centre—an alibi. The law has common sense enough in this one particular to presume that a man who is in Boston, for instance, when a murder is committed in Cincinnati could not have fired the shot or struck the blow. Therefore, let one accused of crime prove to the jury that he was at some other point at a certain critical hour, and he must be declared innocent. This knowledge makes the alibi a favorite defence. If not clearly proved, it always raises doubts and affords opportunity for argument. On the other hand, however, when an alibi is fairly beaten by the prosecution, then circumstantial evidence becomes the death-trap of the accused, and he has no show.

One of the best laid alibis I ever ran up against in my career as a detective, and one of the easiest to work out after I got the end of the thread in hand, was put forward in a case in Iowa about twenty years ago. The situation was this: In a small village in the western part of the State lived a Miss Clarinda Moore, a spinster about forty-five years of age. She was worth $50,000, and she had adopted a boy named Byron Fergus. At the date of which I am writing this boy was no longer a boy, but a young man of twenty-three. He was employed as a clerk in a dry goods house, and boarded and lodged at home. He was adopted at the age of twelve, and on the day he reached his majority Miss Moore made a will leaving him everything. This fact was known to all in the village. Fergus was a model young man. No one could point out a single bad habit. He was trusted and respected by all, and had he been accused of the slightest dishonesty, no one would have believed the charge.

In a smaller village six miles away Fergus had an aunt who was a widow, and lived alone, with the exception of having the company of a servant girl. He was in the habit of going over there about once in two months and remaining over Sunday. On these trips he drove a horse and buggy belonging to the village cooper. The horse had a peculiar habit which will be described later on. One Saturday evening of a July day, Fergus drove away on one of these trips. There were two or three women at the gate in company with Miss Moore when he drove away. The only thing out of the usual run was the remark that Byron looked rather pale and seemed a bit nervous, but probably this never would have been thought of but for what came to pass.

At 11 o'clock that night there was a thunder storm and an insurance agent who was on the road between the two villages with horse and buggy, drove into a fence corner and sheltered himself as well as possible with the water proofs. In the midst of the storm a horse and buggy came along. The driver was so enveloped by waterproofs that the agent could not tell whether he was old or young, large or small, white or black. At that spot the road had been lately graded up and was very soft. The stranger was urging the horse to trot, but the beast found the mud too deep and could only proceed at a walk. As the strange horse came opposite, there was a long, vivid flash of lightning, and the agent saw that the animal had his head turned to the right and his tongue out. This was the peculiar habit of the cooper's horse when on a walk. When trotting he held up his head and kept his tongue back. The agent identified the horse to his perfect satisfaction and called out to the driver, asking who he was. Instead of halting or replying the man struck the horse sharply with the whip and was out of sight in a moment.

"That's old Shepperd (the cooper), and he's afraid I am a highwayman!" laughed the agent, and the rain now beginning to cease, he made ready to resume his journey.

Miss Moore was an early riser, and moreover never missed church services As the day was fine, and she was not seen at church, two or three of her friends called at the house on their way to ascertain her excuse. They found the curtains down and the doors locked. As they knew of young Fergus going to his aunt's the evening previous, they reasoned it out that he must have returned during the night for Miss Moore, she perhaps being wanted for an emergency. This theory satisfied them until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when one of them returned to gather a bouquet of flowers. She then noticed bloody finger marks on the back door, and, trying the door, found it unlocked. She dared not enter the house, but two or three men were summoned to make an investigation, and in a few minutes it was discovered that a murder had been committed. The dead body of Miss Moore was found in the sitting room, at the door of her bedroom. She had been struck three terrible blows with a club or other blunt weapon, each one breaking the skull.

I was visiting the Sheriff at this time, and we were driving through the village when the first alarm was sounded. I was, therefore, at the house among the first, and being placed in charge by the Sheriff, I kept the people out until I could make an investigation. The murderer had not obtained forcible entry to the house. Not a single article of value had been removed, nor had any ransacking been done. The woman had been struck down where the body lay, but her hands were clenched as if she had grasped the weapon of death and it had been pulled away from her. The palm of one hand was torn and bleeding. I did not know either the dead woman or Fergus, but I wanted authority to arrest the latter. When this fact became known I was regarded as an idiot or a lunatic. A general cry went up that Fergus could no more be suspected than an angel in heaven, but while the Sheriff was left to secure the necessary papers, I drove out to interview the young man and break the news to him. If Fergus was guilty, his defence would be an alibi, and he had carefully arranged the details. He would be expecting the news, and he would be braced up to play a part.

I found him making ready to hitch up to drive back. He had never seen me before, and he did not know my profession. As I entered the barn he looked startled and turned pale, but recovered himself after a minute, and asked the nature of my business.

"You know, of course, that Miss Moore is dead?" I carelessly replied.

"How—how should I know it!" he exclaimed, turning very white.

"Well, she is dead, poor thing."

"And do they charge me with it?"

"With what?"

"Her murder?"

"I hadn't said she was murdered. I told you simply that she was dead. How did you know she had been murdered?"

He saw the trap he had fallen into, and he gasped and stammered and did his best to smooth it over. I pretended not to lay it up as a point against him, and speedily arranged that he should return in my vehicle and leave the cooper's rig where it was. After the first shock he braced up wonderfully, and his demeanor on the way home was entirely that of an innocent man. He expressed great willingness to give us all possible information, but at the same time advanced and clung to the theory that no one but a tramp could have been guilty of the crime. Upon reaching home he displayed considerable grief and emotion. In fact, he rather overdid it. It was more like acting out a part. The people were indignant that he should be suspected, and he was not put under restraint. Indeed, no warrant had been issued for him.

Early the next morning, satisfied in my own mind that Fergus was the murderer, I drove out to his aunt's. I found that he arrived there at 7 o'clock Saturday night. Half an hour later he complained of headache and went to bed, saying he would be down again by 9 o'clock. As he did not keep his promise, the hired girl knocked on his door at that hour, but receiving no reply, was told not to disturb him. He was not seen by the inmates of the house until 7 o'clock Sunday morning. The girl was up at 5, and as she crossed the yard she saw that his window was up, and some of his clothing was hanging in the sun. At the barn I found the cooper's buggy washed clean. Fergus had done this Sunday forenoon. He had not made a good job on the horse, however, and I found plenty of mud on his fetlocks. As it was dusty Saturday night when he was driven over, this mud must have been picked up after the storm. I found the harness stiff and damp from being wet, and the cloth cushion of the buggy was still damp. Hunting further, I found the fresh tracks of horse and buggy turning into the barnyard after the rain. The window of the room occupied by Fergus opened on the roof of the shed. At the lower edge of the roof stood a leach. On the edges of this leach and on the roof I found mud. On the carpet in Fergus's room I found more of it. He had scraped and cleaned his boots and flung the dirt into a stove, whence I got half a pound.

All this I got without the aunt suspecting that I was after proofs. I then returned to the scene of the murder, and after an hour's search discovered the place where a horse had been hitched for some time. It was in the rear of the house, on an open space, and under a tree, and the horse had pawed up the ground and gnawed the bark of the tree. The footprints of a man could be faintly traced across the garden, and I had no doubt that Fergus came and went this way. On the fourth day after the funeral I learned from the insurance man what he had seen during the storm, and then a warrant was issued and Fergus was taken into custody. By this time the townspeople had begun to think it a queer case. Fergus had gone over the house and declared that nothing had been taken. No suspicious characters had been noticed in the neighborhood. Jewelry and money had been left lying on the bureau, showing that the object could not have been plunder. Did the woman have any enemy? No, not one, as far as we could learn. Who could profit by her death? No one but Fergus, and yet this was one of the strong points he brought forward. It was known to a score of people that she had made her will in his favor. Would not everything be his at her death?

To clinch our case and make circumstantial evidence good we must show a motive. This seemed hopeless, but I went at the task, hoping evidence might aid me if Fergus was guilty. I examined his personal effects over and over and over again in search of a hint, but for two weeks after he had been sent to jail I discovered nothing. Then I got the clue where I ought to have secured it before. In a drawer in his desk I found several advertisements plainly in the interest of swindlers. One of them read:

"A steady young man with $10,000 cash capital can double it in one year in a legitimate enterprise. For particulars address Box 891," etc.

Another read:

If you have nerve and $5000 in cash we will make you a millionaire in one year. We permit the fullest investigation before investment. Write for particulars.

A third just hit his case:

Are you a young and ambitious man, feeling that you could get ahead if properly backed and encouraged? Have you any money? Can you get from one thousand to three thousand? If so, we will positively guarantee you $100 in return for every dollar, and inside of a year.

I felt sure he had written some of these parties, but as I could not find any letters from them I set out to hunt them up in person. They were bold-faced swindlers, and they bothered me some, but in the end I got five letters written by Fergus. In one of them he stated that he would soon have money to invest, and expressed his satisfaction at the particulars of the speculation as far as given him. The greed of gain, then was his incentive. The woman, who had been mother and sister to him came of a long-lived race, and was in good health, and a month before her death was told by a doctor in the hearing of Fergus that she was likely to live to be ninety or one hundred years old. Until her death the young man could hope for little or nothing, as she was obliged to make the interest of her capital support her.

Murderer or not, the boy was the legal heir, and he employed the best legal talent in the West to defend him. The lawyers might take every dollar if they could but clear him. It was a veritable fight for life with all the money and most of the talent on one side, but that web of circumstantial evidence kept drawing closer and closer, and it could neither be broken nor explained away. Had Fergus been innocent a frank reply to each question would have explained it. Being guilty, his evasions only made matters worse. The jury were out fourteen hours before finding a verdict of guilty, but within an hour he had made a full confession. He told me that he had been planning for two months, and that he believed he had arranged details until his case could withstand the most minute investigation of the highest detective talent.—*New York Sun.*

Ice Water Shortens Life.

Water for drinking purposes, says Dr. William A. Hammond, should never be below fifty degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey," which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that, if ice water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.

Tuxedo Park.

The entire property of Tuxedo Park, the fashionable country resort for wealthy New Yorkers, had been deeded in trust to Mr. Lorillard's grandchildren, and if it keeps on increasing in value and popularity for twenty-five years as it has during the past two years, it will be a veritable kingdom in itself. There are now more than fifty cottage owners and nearly four hundred club members, giving a net income of more than $40,000 per annum. The village at the station is also increasing in due ratio, and as the club is now self-supporting, Mr. Lorillard's guarantee against loss for five years is being entirely devoted to improvements, which are visible in every direction.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Indians Who are Natural Artists.

The Piute Indians have a natural taste for drawing. The children make all kinds of animals in clay as naturally as white children model pies; and even the stupidest looking buck will, with a pencil, dash off without the slighest hesitation, a map of every portion of the country with which he is acquainted, putting all the rivers, lakes and mountains in their proper places, and giving the whole proportional dimensions.—*Farm and Fireside.*

A soft ant, sir, turneth away a picknicker from the custard pie.—*Siftings.*

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

One of the reasons why horses shy in Central Park.—*New York Life.*

A New Substitute for Glass.

The new translucent substance intended as a substitute for glass has been satisfactorily adopted in some of the public buildings of London, and various advantages are claimed for it, among these being such a degree of pliancy that it may be bent backward and forward like leather and be subjected to very considerable tensile strain with impunity; it is also almost as transparent as glass and of a pleasant amber color, varying in shade from very light golden to pale brown. The basis of the material is a web of fine iron wire, with warp and weft threads about one-twelfth inch apart, this being inclosed, like a fly in amber, in a sheet of translucent varnish, of which the base is linseed oil. There is no resin or gum in the varnish, and once having become dry it is capable of standing heat and damp without undergoing any change, neither hardening nor becoming sticky. Briefly, the manufacture is accomplished by dipping the sheets edgewise into deep tanks of varnish, and then allowing the coating which they thus receive to dry in a warm atmosphere. It requires somewhat more than a dozen of these dips to bring these sheets to the required degree of thickness, and, when this has been accomplished, the material is stored for several weeks to thoroughly set.

Sheeps and lambs taken together show this year in Great Britain a decrease of 701,619 as compared with 1887, distributed in a reduction of 419,302 sheep and of 282,310 lambs, the total number being now 25,257,149, and the decrease being respectively 2.6 and 2.9 per cent.

The Parisian street arab has exhausted his ingenuity in devising schemes for defrauding unsuspecting visitors, and even native Parisians are entrapped by his wiles. The crowds attracted by the exhibition are a fruitful field for his endeavors.

There has been a great development of lumbering in the South since 1880. There are also 160 per cent. more saw mills now than then, 107 per cent. more hands employed, and 100 per cent. more capital invested.

William, oldest son of John Kohler, of Turbet, Juniata county, Pennsylvania, in passing across a field pulled and ate an unknown poisonous plant which he mistook for sweet myrrh. His face turned blue and his jaws locked, but a doctor pried them open and gave an antidote that saved him.

The Other Side of the Question.

Tommy (from the roof)—"Sorry to waste the boot-jack; but we and the children must have one night's rest!"

NewspaperARCHIVE®
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But I care not for what I have,
  Nor lust for what I lack
One tithe as much as my heart long
  To call that lost light back.

Come back! dear banished smile, come back!
  And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes
  That in thy stead would thrive.
Who wants the earth without the sun?
  And what has life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as it's price,
  It leaves me robbed of thee!

—*Edward S. Martin, in Scribner.*

FOUND GUILTY.

The man who its down to deliberately plan a crime works every point and detail to one common centre—an alibi. The law has common sense enough in this one particular to presume that a man who is in Boston, for instance, when a murder is committed in Cincinnati could not have fired the shot or struck the blow. Therefore, let one accused of crime prove to the jury that he was at some other point at a certain critical hour, and he must be declared innocent. This knowledge makes the alibi a favorite defence. If not clearly proved, it always raises doubts and affords opportunity for argument. On the other hand, however, when an alibi is fairly beaten by the prosecution, then circumstantial evidence becomes the death-trap of the accused, and he has no show.

One of the best laid alibis I ever ran up against in my career as a detective, and one of the easiest to work out after I got the end of the thread in hand, was put forward in a case in Iowa about twenty years ago. The situation was this: In a small village in the western part of the State lived a Miss Clarinda Moore, a spinster about forty-five years of age. She was worth $50,000, and she had adopted a boy named Byron Fergus. At the date of which I am writing this boy was no longer a boy, but a young man of twenty-three. He was employed as a clerk in a dry goods house, and boarded and lodged at home. He was adopted at the age of twelve, and on the day he reached his majority Miss Moore made a will leaving him everything. This fact was known to all in the village. Fergus was a model young man. No one could point out a single bad habit. He was trusted and respected by all, and had he been accused of the slightest dishonesty, no one would have believed the charge.

In a smaller village six miles away Fergus had an aunt who was a widow, and lived alone, with the exception of having the company of a servant girl. He was in the habit of going over there about once in two months and remaining over Sunday. On these trips he drove a horse and buggy belonging to the village cooper. The horse had a peculiar habit which will be described later on. One Saturday evening of a July day, Fergus drove away on one of these trips. There were two or three women at the gate in company with Miss Moore when he drove away. The only thing out of the usual run was the remark that Byron looked rather pale and seemed a bit nervous, but probably this never would have been thought of but for what came to pass.

At 11 o'clock that night there was a thunder storm and an insurance agent who was on the road between the two villages with horse and buggy, drove into a fence corner and sheltered himself as well as possible with the water proofs. In the midst of the storm a horse and buggy came along. The driver was so enveloped by waterproofs that the agent could not tell whether he was old or young, large or small, white or black. At that spot the road had been lately graded up and was very soft. The stranger was urging the horse to trot, but the beast found the mud too deep and could only proceed at a walk. As the strange horse came opposite, there was a long, vivid flash of lightning, and the agent saw that the animal had his head turned to the right and his tongue out. This was the peculiar habit of the cooper's horse when on a walk. When trotting he held up his head and kept his tongue back. The agent identified the horse to his perfect satisfaction and called out to the driver, asking who he was. Instead of halting or replying the man struck the horse sharply with the whip and was out of sight in a moment.

"That's old Shepperd (the cooper), and he's afraid I am a highwayman!" laughed the agent, and the rain now beginning to cease, he made ready to resume his journey.

Miss Moore was an early riser, and moreover never missed church services As the day was fine, and she was not seen at church, two or three of her friends called at the house on their way to ascertain her excuse. They found the curtains down and the doors locked. As they knew of young Fergus going to his aunt's the evening previous, they reasoned it out that he must have returned during the night for Miss Moore, she perhaps being wanted for an emergency. This theory satisfied them until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when one of them returned to gather a bouquet of flowers. She then noticed bloody finger marks on the back door, and, trying the door, found it unlocked. She dared not enter the house, but two or three men were summoned to make an investigation, and in a few minutes it was discovered that a murder had been committed. The dead body of Miss Moore was found in the sitting room, at the door of her bedroom. She had been struck three terrible blows with a club or other blunt weapon, each one breaking the skull.

I was visiting the Sheriff at this time, and we were driving through the village when the first alarm was sounded. I was, therefore, at the house among the first, and being placed in charge by the Sheriff, I kept the people out until I could make an investigation. The murderer had not obtained forcible entry to the house. Not a single article of value had been removed, nor had any ransacking been done. The woman had been struck down where the body lay, but her hands were clenched as if she had grasped the weapon of death and it had been pulled away from her. The palm of one hand was torn and bleeding. I did not know either the dead woman or Fergus, but I wanted authority to arrest the latter. When this fact became known I was regarded as an idiot or a lunatic. A general cry went up that Fergus could no more be suspected than an angel in heaven, but while the Sheriff was left to secure the necessary papers, I drove out to interview the young man and break the news to him. If Fergus was guilty, his defence would be an alibi, and he had carefully arranged the details. He would be expecting the news, and he would be braced up to play a part.

I found him making ready to hitch up to drive back. He had never seen me before, and he did not know my profession. As I entered the barn he looked startled and turned pale, but recovered himself after a minute, and asked the nature of my business.

"You know, of course, that Miss Moore is dead?" I carelessly replied.

"How—how should I know it!" he exclaimed, turning very white.

"Well, she is dead, poor thing."

"And do they charge me with it?"

"With what?"

"Her murder?"

"I hadn't said she was murdered. I told you simply that she was dead. How did you know she had been murdered?"

He saw the trap he had fallen into, and he gasped and stammered and did his best to smooth it over. I pretended not to lay it up as a point against him, and speedily arranged that he should return in my vehicle and leave the cooper's rig where it was. After the first shock he braced up wonderfully, and his demeanor on the way home was entirely that of an innocent man. He expressed great willingness to give us all possible information, but at the same time advanced and clung to the theory that no one but a tramp could have been guilty of the crime. Upon reaching home he displayed considerable grief and emotion. In fact, he rather overdid it. It was more like acting out a part. The people were indignant that he should be suspected, and he was not put under restraint. Indeed, no warrant had been issued for him.

Early the next morning, satisfied in my own mind that Fergus was the murderer, I drove out to his aunt's. I found that he arrived there at 7 o'clock Saturday night. Half an hour later he complained of headache and went to bed, saying he would be down again by 9 o'clock. As he did not keep his promise, the hired girl knocked on his door at that hour, but receiving no reply, was told not to disturb him. He was not seen by the inmates of the house until 7 o'clock Sunday morning. The girl was up at 5, and as she crossed the yard she saw that his window was up, and some of his clothing was hanging in the sun. At the barn I found the cooper's buggy washed clean. Fergus had done this Sunday forenoon. He had not made a good job on the horse, however, and I found plenty of mud on his fetlocks. As it was dusty Saturday night when he was driven over, this mud must have been picked up after the storm. I found the harness stiff and damp from being wet, and the cloth cushion of the buggy was still damp. Hunting further, I found the fresh tracks of horse and buggy turning into the barnyard after the rain. The window of the room occupied by Fergus opened on the roof of the shed. At the lower edge of the roof stood a leach. On the edges of this leach and on the roof I found mud. On the carpet in Fergus's room I found more of it. He had scraped and cleaned his boots and flung the dirt into a stove, whence I got half a pound.

All this I got without the aunt suspecting that I was after proofs. I then returned to the scene of the murder, and after an hour's search discovered the place where a horse had been hitched for some time. It was in the rear of the house, on an open space, and under a tree, and the horse had pawed up the ground and gnawed the bark of the tree. The footprints of a man could be faintly traced across the garden, and I had no doubt that Fergus came and went this way. On the fourth day after the funeral I learned from the insurance man what he had seen during the storm, and then a warrant was issued and Fergus was taken into custody. By this time the townspeople had begun to think it a queer case. Fergus had gone over the house and declared that nothing had been taken. No suspicious characters had been noticed in the neighborhood. Jewelry and money had been left lying on the bureau, showing that the object could not have been plunder. Did the woman have any enemy? No, not one, as far as we could learn. Who could profit by her death? No one but Fergus, and yet this was one of the strong points he brought forward. It was known to a score of people that she had made her will in his favor. Would not everything be his at her death?

To clinch our case and make circumstantial evidence good we must show a motive. This seemed hopeless, but I went at the task, hoping evidence might aid me if Fergus was guilty. I examined his personal effects over and over and over again in search of a hint, but for two weeks after he had been sent to jail I discovered nothing. Then I got the clue where I ought to have secured it before. In a drawer in his desk I found several advertisements plainly in the interest of swindlers. One of them read:

"A steady young man with $10,000 cash capital can double it in one year in a legitimate enterprise. For particulars address Box 891," etc.

Another read:

If you have nerve and $5000 in cash we will make you a millionaire in one year. We permit the fullest investigation before investment. Write for particulars.

A third just hit his case:

Are you a young and ambitious man, feeling that you could get ahead if properly backed and encouraged? Have you any money? Can you get from one thousand to three thousand? If so, we will positively guarantee you $100 in return for every dollar, and inside of a year.

I felt sure he had written some of these parties, but as I could not find any letters from them I set out to hunt them up in person. They were bold-faced swindlers, and they bothered me some, but in the end I got five letters written by Fergus. In one of them he stated that he would soon have money to invest, and expressed his satisfaction at the particulars of the speculation as far as given him. The greed of gain, then was his incentive. The woman, who had been mother and sister to him came of a long-lived race, and was in good health, and a month before her death was told by a doctor in the hearing of Fergus that she was likely to live to be ninety or one hundred years old. Until her death the young man could hope for little or nothing, as she was obliged to make the interest of her capital support her.

Murderer or not, the boy was the legal heir, and he employed the best legal talent in the West to defend him. The lawyers might take every dollar if they could but clear him. It was a veritable fight for life with all the money and most of the talent on one side, but that web of circumstantial evidence kept drawing closer and closer, and it could neither be broken nor explained away. Had Fergus been innocent a frank reply to each question would have explained it. Being guilty, his evasions only made matters worse. The jury were out fourteen hours before finding a verdict of guilty, but within an hour he had made a full confession. He told me that he had been planning for two months, and that he believed he had arranged details until his case could withstand the most minute investigation of the highest detective talent.—*New York Sun.*

Ice Water Shortens Life.

Water for drinking purposes, says Dr. William A. Hammond, should never be below fifty degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey," which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that, if ice water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.

Tuxedo Park.

The entire property of Tuxedo Park, the fashionable country resort for wealthy New Yorkers, had been deeded in trust to Mr. Lorillard's grandchildren, and if it keeps on increasing in value and popularity for twenty-five years as it has during the past two years, it will be a veritable kingdom in itself. There are now more than fifty cottage owners and nearly four hundred club members, giving a net income of more than $40,000 per annum. The village at the station is also increasing in due ratio, and as the club is now self-supporting, Mr. Lorillard's guarantee against loss for five years is being entirely devoted to improvements, which are visible in every direction.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Indians Who are Natural Artists.

The Piute Indians have a natural taste for drawing. The children make all kinds of animals in clay as naturally as white children model pies; and even the stupidest looking buck will, with a pencil, dash off without the slighest hesitation, a map of every portion of the country with which he is acquainted, putting all the rivers, lakes and mountains in their proper places, and giving the whole proportional dimensions.—*Farm and Fireside.*

A soft ant, sir, turneth away a picknicker from the custard pie.—*Siftings.*

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

One of the reasons why horses shy in Central Park.—*New York Life.*

A New Substitute for Glass.

The new translucent substance intended as a substitute for glass has been satisfactorily adopted in some of the public buildings of London, and various advantages are claimed for it, among these being such a degree of pliancy that it may be bent backward and forward like leather and be subjected to very considerable tensile strain with impunity; it is also almost as transparent as glass and of a pleasant amber color, varying in shade from very light golden to pale brown. The basis of the material is a web of fine iron wire, with warp and weft threads about one-twelfth inch apart, this being inclosed, like a fly in amber, in a sheet of translucent varnish, of which the base is linseed oil. There is no resin or gum in the varnish, and once having become dry it is capable of standing heat and damp without undergoing any change, neither hardening nor becoming sticky. Briefly, the manufacture is accomplished by dipping the sheets edgewise into deep tanks of varnish, and then allowing the coating which they thus receive to dry in a warm atmosphere. It requires somewhat more than a dozen of these dips to bring these sheets to the required degree of thickness, and, when this has been accomplished, the material is stored for several weeks to thoroughly set.

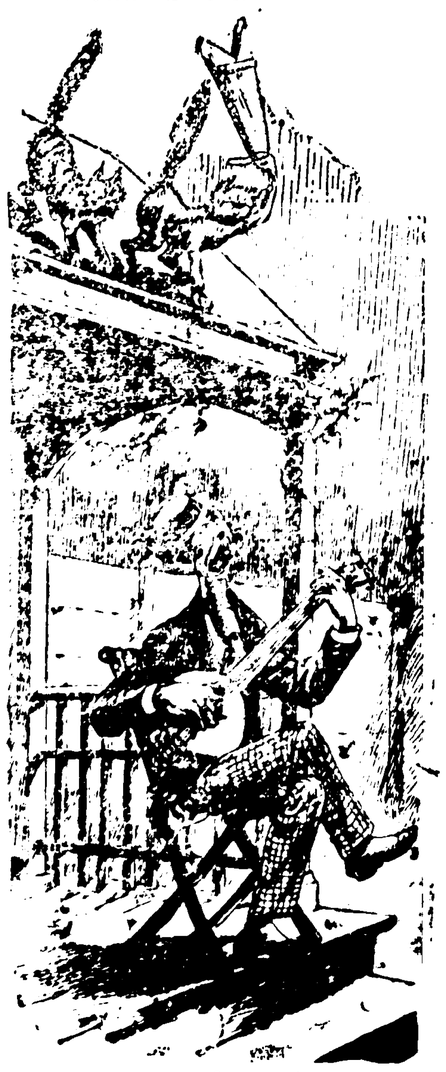
Sheeps and lambs taken together show this year in Great Britain a decrease of 701,619 as compared with 1887, distributed in a reduction of 419,302 sheep and of 282,310 lambs, the total number being now 25,257,149, and the decrease being respectively 2.6 and 2.9 per cent.

The Parisian street arab has exhausted his ingenuity in devising schemes for defrauding unsuspecting visitors, and even native Parisians are entrapped by his wiles. The crowds attracted by the exhibition are a fruitful field for his endeavors.

There has been a great development of lumbering in the South since 1880. There are also 160 per cent. more saw mills now than then, 107 per cent. more hands employed, and 100 per cent. more capital invested.

William, oldest son of John Kohler, of Turbet, Juniata county, Pennsylvania, in passing across a field pulled and ate an unknown poisonous plant which he mistook for sweet myrrh. His face turned blue and his jaws locked, but a doctor pried them open and gave an antidote that saved him.

The Other Side of the Question.



Tommy (from the roof)—"Sorry to waste the boot-jack; but we and the children must have one night's rest!"

SWIMMING TO GET STRONG.

A PROFESSOR OF THE ART DESCRIBES ITS GOOD POINTS.

It Makes Girls Plump and Puts Muscle on a Man—Advice to People Who Think They are Drowning

In a well-known athletic club up town last week half a dozen young men of stalwart build, while sitting at a round table, became interested in discussing the question of the best general training considered from the standpoint of hygeine. It was but natural that every athletic enthusiast should have his own theory. The baseball devotee advocated work in the gymnasium, the canoeist debated in favor of the paddle, the boxer desired to illustrate the superiority of gloves, an oarsman was ready to meet all comers with the sculls, an all-round athlete was sure that a tour on the cinder track gave the best play to the muscles and lungs, a yachtman declared that a sprinkle of salt water was highly conducive to health, and a bicyclist adhered to the theory that his machine kept him in perfect condition. Last to assert himself was a compacrly built young man, who asserted that swimming was the best exercise from every point of view. The young man gave as his authority a swimmer who has had twenty-five years' experience as a general athlete. This athlete is Professor T. P. Donaldson, of this city.

Professor Donaldson is about five feet two inches in height. He was born in a small town near London. In 1866 he won the short distance swimming championship of England. At swimming and diving he has held many local championships in this country. He has dived from High Bridge, New York, and Westminster Bridge, London. Over sixty gold and silver medals have been won by him in various branches of athletic sports.

"Of all the sports I have engaged in," said Professor Donaldson to the reporter, "swimming I believe to be the best for the health. For a dozen years and more swimming has been my only exercise, and, although I am engaged in a sedentary occupation in this town all winter, I am in pretty good condition. Feel my muscle."

The reporter, being invited, put his hand on Professor Donaldson's biceps and on his thigh. There were as hard as boards.

"I find that swimming is the bes physician I ever had," continued Professor Donaldson. "I haven't had a doctor in ten years, and nothing is the matter with me. To what do I attribute my health? To salt water, in the first place. Did you ever observe the change that takes place in a society belle when she quits the round of dissipation and lives for a time at the sea shore? The change can best be noticed by contrasting the young woman's appearance a few weeks after she has taken her daily plunge at the sea shore with that of a woman who is fresh from the city. The woman who has bathed is vigorous and ruddy, while the new arrival is languid and pale. It may not be that the young woman who has bathed has gained all her muscle and plumpness by swimming. She has lain in the sand part of the afternoon, taken a hearty dinner, and slept well o' nights."

"Is swimming difficult to learn?"

"On the contrary, it is very easy. But one thing is necessary—confidence. There was a curious example of this in my experience. Not long ago I taught a walloping big fellow, who must have weighed 250 pounds. He learned in two lessons. One day he wanted to jump off from a pier 100 feet from the shore and swim to land. I thought he could do it, and I let him try, but I jumped into the water with him. For a few yards he swam famously, and then suddenly he got something like stage fright. He spluttered and kicked, and the more he kicked the further he got from land. I was thoroughly frightened, but I didn't let him know it. I couldn't have handled him if he had given up, he was so big. His hair was tightly cropped so that I could not get hold of it. All that I could do was to pat him on the shoulder and tell him he was all right, and then I put one hand under his chin to keep his head above water. He fell prostrate on the beach in a minute, utterly used up. If he had believed in himself he could have plowed along as well as I."

"Should swimmers eat before entering the water or after the bath?"

"Constitutions differ. There seems to be a notion prevalent that a bather should never go into the water before eating. While I would not advise bathers to eat immediately before going into the water, I believe, from observing thousands of men and from a quarter of a century's experience, that it is debilitating to bathe for any length of time with no food in the stomach. Captain Webb used to eat a hearty meal shortly before going into the water. Of course, if you should eat a big, complicated dinner before bathing you would suffer the consequences. The length of time a person can, with benefit to himself, remain in the water, depends on his constitution. One thing is certain; if he does not feel well after his dip it is a sure sign that he needs a tonic, and in my opinion that tonic is continued sea bathing, taken moderately at first and increasing the dose. For many bathers it is better at first to take a quick dip and then lie in the sand for an hour or two, enjoying a sun bath. Afterward the tonic of a sea bath may be enjoyed for a longer time."

"What is the best course to pursue i aiding people who are drowning?"

"Grab 'em by the back hair and hold them at arm's length. I've noticed one thing about drowning people. When they are sinking the first time if they see you and they rise again they know where to grapple with you, and the result is you both go down together, with a strong probability that you will be drowned. It is my advice that if you go to rescue a drowning person you should swim around him and keep behind him so he won't see you when he comes up the second time. Another thing, when going to a person's rescue, try to gain his confidence. It is a fact that one finger placed under a swimmer's body will keep him afloat if you can only get him to believe it."

"What is the best time for bathing?"

"Before breakfast or late in the afternoon. A glass of milk or a small cup of coffee should be taken if the bath is to be just after rising, and a sharp run afterward and a brisk rub with a towel will be of benefit."—*New York Sun.*

Farm-Life in China.

A farmer may be hired by the year for from eight to fourteen dollars, with food, clothing, head-shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from eight to ten cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are from ten to twenty cents a day, with five meals; or thirty cents a day without food. Few land-owners hire hands, except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their son can till, lease it to their neighbors.

Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from seven to fourteen dollars' worth of rice annually for its use.

Food averages little more than a dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks, and eats his meals alone, spends from one and a half to two dollars a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing three and a half cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing a cent and a half, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Name of Iowa.

The State derives its name from the tribe known now as the Iowa tribe. Much learning, or at least research, has been wasted in the attempt to show the orthography and definition of this word among the Indians themselves. While Washington Irving, with the license allowable to an imaginative writer, states that the meaning of the word is "beautiful," and recounts the incident by which that phrase was first applied to the country, saying that the tribe who in their wanderings arrived at the highest point in the Iowa prairies, looking over the vast expanse of country uninterrupted by hills or swamps, involuntarily uttered the word "Iowa," meaning "beautiful." But probably a better authority for the meaning of the word was Mr. Antoine Le-Claire, a half breed of the "Sac" and "Fox" nations, who always asserted humorously that he was the first white man born in Iowa, though his mother was an Indian. He was employed for many years by the United States as an interpreter in their dealings with the various Indian tribes. His definition of the word was: "Here is the spot—this is the place—to dwell in peace." It is very certain, however, that the name of the State, and the name of one of its secondary rivers, running through a large part of the centre of the State, is derived from the name of the tribe.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Piutes Expecting a Flood.

Virginia, Nev., is full of Piutes men women and children, who, fearing a deluge, are getting out of the valleys. Not long ago a Piute prophet predicted a great flood that would drown all this part of the world. He said the ancients would rise from their graves and there would be a new deal on this continent, in which the red men would be restored to their old rights and repossess the land. Having been told of the flood in the East and the drowning of thousands of white men, they have got an exaggerated idea of the disaster and believe that very few whites remain on that side of the continent. Their prophet, of course, claims credit for what has happened, and they next expect a flood to drown the whites of the West. They are laying in a stock of provisions with which to flee to the mountain tops, and suppose that the whites will remain in their houses to be drowned as they did in the East.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

The Dogs of Constantinople.

In speaking of Constantinople it is impossible to forget mentioning the swarms of dogs that infest the streets of the Turkish quarter by tens upon tens of thousands. How these dogs manage to subsist in such numbers is a problem very difficult to solve. They are mostly large animals of the wolf-dog variety. They seem to have a great antipathy for the Christian, and are quite dangerous to any European venturing into the Turkish quarter at night. Strange to say, they are never afflicted with hydrophobia, which is probably due to the free life they lead. If, however, such an epidemic did break out among them it would certainly be necessary to employ an army of soldiers to exterminate them.—*New York Herald.*

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

VIRTUE IN ONIONS AND BEEF.

What is the most strengthening food for a convalescent? Well, you know, the beef-tea theory has been exploded. The most life-giving and digestible food that can be given to one just recovering from an illness, is chopped beef. Just take a pound of the finest round of raw beef, cut off all the fat, slice two onions, and pepper and salt. Then chop the onions and meat together, turning them over and over until both are reduced almost to a pulp. Then spread on slices of rye bread and eat as sandwiches. People talk about celery being a nervine, but let me tell you that there is nothing which quiets the nerves without bad results like onions. The use of them induces sleep, and much strength is obtained from them. That is the ideal food for convalescing or for any one who is in a weak state of health.—*Grocers' and Canners' Gazette.*

OLD TROUSERS MAKE A PRETTY MAT.

A pretty mat may be made from two pairs of old trousers. Blue and light drab are a pretty combination. Cut out pieces the size and shape of a brick, in equal number of each color. In putting them together, take first a blue then a gray, until there are seven on the strip. They should be stitched together on a machine. Begin the second strip with gray, the third with blue, and so until you have seven or nine strips. Then press the seams all open. Seam the strips all together and press the long seams open.

Cut Japanese shaped fans from different colored cloth an flannel to go on the outside row of blocks and button-hole stitch with various colors of worsted. It is an improvement to work the fans with many kinds of odd figures. Turn the edge of the mat under about a quarter of an inch, baste in place and press down. Take heavy black cloth and cut out scallops enough to reach around the mat, lapping them about a quarter of an inch. When firmly basted in place, stitch around the edge of the mat with the machine. Line the mat and it is finished.—*Detroit Free Press*

PAINTING FLOORS.

A French writer observes that painting floors with any color containing white lead is injurious, as it renders the wood soft and less capable of wear. Other paints without white lead, such as umber or sienna, are not injurious, and can be used with advantage. Varnish made of drying lead salts is also said to be destructive, and it is recommended that the borate of magnesia should be used to dispose the varnish to dry. A recipe for a good floor varnish is given as follows: Take two pounds of pure white borate of manganese, finely powdered, and add it little by little to a sauce pan containing ten pounds of linseed oil which is to be well stirred and raised to a temperature of 360 degrees Fahrenheit. Heat 100 pounds of linseed oil in a boiler until ebullition takes place, then add to it the first liquid, increase the heat and allow it to boil for twenty minutes. Then remove from the fire and filter the solution through cotton cloth. The varnish is then ready for use, two coats of which may be used with a final coat of shellac, if a fine polish is required.—*Scientific American.*

SUMMER DESSERTS.

A great many people imagine ices are costly and trouble, and the farmer's family only have them on rare occasions for company, whereas, they might be served as desserts several time a week, being really cheaper and healthier than pies, doughnuts and other heating dainties.

Of course, there are creams and ices which are composed of expensive ingredients, but of such we are not speaking. Good ice cream may be made of rich, new milk, and in the farm-house where ice is put, is as economical, if not more so, than any other dessert. The most delicious ices are made of fruits, which, of course, all farmers do or should have in abundance. The following recipes are good and cheap:

Grape Ice—Pour a quart of boiling water on a pound of sugar and let boil five minutes. Pulp the grapes sufficient to make a pint of juice, add the skins and pulps to the sirup, press through a sieve. Let cool and freeze.

Frozen Fruits—Pare a dozen large, soft peaches and chop fine. Scald a pint of sour plums, remove the skins and stones. Mash the plums and mix with the peaches; add a pound of sugar and let stand one hour; then pour over a quart of water and stir until the sugar dissolves; pour in the freezer and freeze.

Frozen Coffee—Take four large tablespoonfuls of ground coffee and put in a boiler; add a quart of boiling water and let steam for fifteen minutes; strain and add half a pound of sugar; add the white of an egg and freeze. Frozen tea may be made in the same way. Both should be served in goblets.

Ice Cream—Beat the yolks of six eggs until creamy; add half a pound of sugar and beat again. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth; stir them into the yolks and sugar. Put a quart of new milk on to boil; mix in the eggs and sugar; stir until boiling. Take from the fire, strain and flavor; stand aside to cool. Freeze, cover and set aside to harden.

Farmer's Ice Cream—Take a quart of milk, in which mix the beaten whites of six eggs, flavor with lemon, sweeten to taste and freeze. Set aside one hour to harden.—*Farm and Fireside.*

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

ICE-WATER A GOOD INSECTICIDE.

Few people realize how good an insecticide is ice-cold water applied to plants with a force pump. It drenches the leaves, knocking off and chilling the insects too small to be reached in any other way. It also destroys myriads of insect eggs. It is noticed by potato growers that the potato bug is rarely destructive in a wet season. Now, as the potato plant loves water, it might, on a small scale, be protected from injury, and the crop be greatly increased by thorough drenching once or twice a week. This remedy is a good one for the rose slug. Few wish to apply poison to preserve this beautiful flower, while the whale oil applications often recommended are almost equally objectionable.—*Boston Cultivator.*

"HOLLOW HORN" IS A MYTH.

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Try soot sprinkled on the plants for the flea-beetle.

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All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Let Jack go fishing.

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Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

The dearest things a farmer can buy are cheap fertilizers, says a leading farm authority.

Never let fowls suffer for a plentiful supply of clear, fresh water—it's a cheap beverage.

Better breed from a good boar, even if related to your own stock, than from an unworthy animal.

Plenty of exercise, combined with proper feed and feeding, is what will make your hens lay.

It seems to be the case that a horse well taken care of will ordinarily live close to twenty-five years.

Build roosts low, especially for large fowls. Clean the droppings from under the roosts at least once a week.

This is the time when the calves are often neglected. Don't neglect yours, but keep them pushing right along.

In no case breed from sickly or weak-constitutioned fowls, as your chicks will be worthless and also bring disease.

A heaping tablespoonful of pyrethrum in two gallons of water sprayed on the rose bushes will rid them of the dreaded rose-beetle.

Make a note of what you sell, when, how much, and the price. It may be to your interest some time to know about these things.

What view must we take of the persecutions which befall us from the blundering misapprehensions of others relative to our intentions?

An old goose when alive is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, the thickness and strength of the bill and fineness of the feathers.

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SWIMMING TO GET STRONG.

A PROFESSOR OF THE ART DESCRIBES ITS GOOD POINTS.

It Makes Girls Plump and Puts Muscle on a Man—Advice to People Who Think They are Drowning

In a well-known athletic club up town last week half a dozen young men of stalwart build, while sitting at a round table, became interested in discussing the question of the best general training considered from the standpoint of hygeine. It was but natural that every athletic enthusiast should have his own theory. The baseball devotee advocated work in the gymnasium, the canoeist debated in favor of the paddle, the boxer desired to illustrate the superiority of gloves, an oarsman was ready to meet all comers with the sculls, an all-round athlete was sure that a tour on the cinder track gave the best play to the muscles and lungs, a yachtman declared that a sprinkle of salt water was highly conducive to health, and a bicyclist adhered to the theory that his machine kept him in perfect condition. Last to assert himself was a compactly built young man, who asserted that swimming was the best exercise from every point of view. The young man gave as his authority a swimmer who has had twenty-five years' experience as a general athlete. This athlete is Professor T. P. Donaldson, of this city.

Professor Donaldson is about five feet two inches in height. He was born in a small town near London. In 1866 he won the short distance swimming championship of England. At swimming and diving he has held many local championships in this country. He has dived from High Bridge, New York, and Westminster Bridge, London. Over sixty gold and silver medals have been won by him in various branches of athletic sports.

"Of all the sports I have engaged in," said Professor Donaldson to the reporter, "swimming I believe to be the best for the health. For a dozen years and more swimming has been my only exercise, and, although I am engaged in a sedentary occupation in this town all winter, I am in pretty good condition. Feel my muscle."

The reporter, being invited, put his hand on Professor Donaldson's biceps and on his thigh. There were as hard as boards.

"I find that swimming is the bes physician I ever had," continued Professor Donaldson. "I haven't had a doctor in ten years, and nothing is the matter with me. To what do I attribute my health? To salt water, in the first place. Did you ever observe the change that takes place in a society belle when she quits the round of dissipation and lives for a time at the sea shore? The change can best be noticed by contrasting the young woman's appearance a few weeks after she has taken her daily plunge at the sea shore with that of a woman who is fresh from the city. The woman who has bathed is vigorous and ruddy, while the new arrival is languid and pale. It may not be that the young woman who has bathed has gained all her muscle and plumpness by swimming. She has lain in the sand part of the afternoon, taken a hearty dinner, and slept well o' nights."

"Is swimming difficult to learn?"

"On the contrary, it is very easy. But one thing is necessary—confidence. There was a curious example of this in my experience. Not long ago I taught a walloping big fellow, who must have weighed 250 pounds. He learned in two lessons. One day he wanted to jump off from a pier 100 feet from the shore and swim to land. I thought he could do it, and I let him try, but I jumped into the water with him. For a few yards he swam famously, and then suddenly he got something like stage fright. He spluttered and kicked, and the more he kicked the further he got from land. I was thoroughly frightened, but I didn't let him know it. I couldn't have handled him if he had given up, he was so big. His hair was tightly cropped so that I could not get hold of it. All that I could do was to pat him on the shoulder and tell him he was all right, and then I put one hand under his chin to keep his head above water. He fell prostrate on the beach in a minute, utterly used up. If he had believed in himself he could have plowed along as well as I."

"Should swimmers eat before entering the water or after the bath?"

"Constitutions differ. There seems to be a notion prevalent that a bather should never go into the water before eating. While I would not advise bathers to eat immediately before going into the water, I believe, from observing thousands of men and from a quarter of a century's experience, that it is debilitating to bathe for any length of time with no food in the stomach. Captain Webb used to eat a hearty meal shortly before going into the water. Of course, if you should eat a big, complicated dinner before bathing you would suffer the consequences. The length of time a person can, with benefit to himself, remain in the water, depends on his constitution. One thing is certain; if he does not feel well after his dip it is a sure sign that he needs a tonic, and in my opinion that tonic is continued sea bathing, taken moderately at first and increasing the dose. For many bathers it is better at first to take a quick dip and then lie in the sand for an hour or two, enjoying a sun bath. Afterward the tonic of a sea bath may be enjoyed for a longer time,"

"What is the best course to pursue in aiding people who are drowning?"

"Grab 'em by the back hair and hold them at arm's length. I've noticed one thing about drowning people. When they are sinking the first time if they see you and they rise again they know where to grapple with you, and the result is you both go down together, with a strong probability that you will be drowned. It is my advice that if you go to rescue a drowning person you should swim around him and keep behind him so he won't see you when he comes up the second time. Another thing, when going to a person's rescue, try to gain his confidence. It is a fact that one finger placed under a swimmer's body will keep him afloat if you can only get him to believe it."

"What is the best time for bathing?"

"Before breakfast or late in the afternoon. A glass of milk or a small cup of coffee should be taken if the bath is to be just after rising, and a sharp run afterward and a brisk rub with a towel will be of benefit."—*New York Sun.*

Farm-Life in China.

A farmer may be hired by the year for from eight to fourteen dollars, with food, clothing, head-shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from eight to ten cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are from ten to twenty cents a day, with five meals; or thirty cents a day without food. Few land-owners hire hands, except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their son can till, lease it to their neighbors.

Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from seven to fourteen dollars' worth of rice annually for its use.

Food averages little more than a dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks, and eats his meals alone, spends from one and a half to two dollars a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing three and a half cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing a cent and a half, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Name of Iowa.

The State derives its name from the tribe known now as the Iowa tribe. Much learning, or at least research, has been wasted in the attempt to show the orthography and definition of this word among the Indians themselves. While Washington Irving, with the license allowable to an imaginative writer, states that the meaning of the word is "beautiful," and recounts the incident by which that phrase was first applied to the country, saying that the tribe who in their wanderings arrived at the highest point in the Iowa prairies, looking over the vast expanse of country uninterrupted by hills or swamps, involuntarily uttered the word "Iowa," meaning "beautiful." But probably a better authority for the meaning of the word was Mr. Antoine Le-Claire, a half breed of the "Sac" and "Fox" nations, who always asserted humorously that he was the first white man born in Iowa, though his mother was an Indian. He was employed for many years by the United States as an interpreter in their dealings with the various Indian tribes. His definition of the word was: "Here is the spot—this is the place—to dwell in peace." It is very certain, however, that the name of the State, and the name of one of its secondary rivers, running through a large part of the centre of the State, is derived from the name of the tribe.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Piutes Expecting a Flood.

Virginia, Nev., is full of Piutes men women and children, who, fearing a deluge, are getting out of the valleys. Not long ago a Piute prophet predicted a great flood that would drown all this part of the world. He said the ancients would rise from their graves and there would be a new deal on this continent, in which the red men would be restored to their old rights and repossess the land. Having been told of the flood in the East and the drowning of thousands of white men, they have got an exaggerated idea of the disaster and believe that very few whites remain on that side of the continent. Their prophet, of course, claims credit for what has happened, and they next expect a flood to drown the whites of the West. They are laying in a stock of provisions with which to flee to the mountain tops, and suppose that the whites will remain in their houses to be drowned as they did in the East.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

The Dogs of Constantinople.

In speaking of Constantinople it is impossible to forget mentioning the swarms of dogs that infest the streets of the Turkish quarter by tens upon tens of thousands. How these dogs manage to subsist in such numbers is a problem very difficult to solve. They are mostly large animals of the wolf-dog variety. They seem to have a great antipathy for the Christian, and are quite dangerous to any European venturing into the Turkish quarter at night. Strange to say, they are never afflicted with hydrophobia, which is probably due to the free life they lead. If, however, such an epidemic did break out among them it would certainly be necessary to employ an army of soldiers to exterminate them.—*New York Herald.*

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

VIRTUE IN ONIONS AND BEEF.

What is the most strengthening food for a convalescent? Well, you know, the beef-tea theory has been exploded. The most life-giving and digestible food that can be given to one just recovering from an illness, is chopped beef. Just take a pound of the finest round of raw beef, cut off all the fat, slice two onions, and pepper and salt. Then chop the onions and meat together, turning them over and over until both are reduced almost to a pulp. Then spread on slices of rye bread and eat as sandwiches. People talk about celery being a nervine, but let me tell you that there is nothing which quiets the nerves without bad results like onions. The use of them induces sleep, and much strength is obtained from them. That is the ideal food for convalescing or for any one who is in a weak state of health.—*Grocers' and Canners' Gazette.*

OLD TROUSERS MAKE A PRETTY MAT.

A presty mat may be made from two pairs of old trousers. Blue and light drab are a pretty combination. Cut out pieces the size and shape of a brick, in equal number of each color. In putting them together, take first a blue then a gray, until there are seven on the strip. They should be stitched together on a machine. Begin the second strip with gray, the third with blue, and so until you have seven or nine strips. Then press the seams all open. Seam the strips all together and press the long seams open.

Cut Japanese shaped fans from different colored cloth an flannel to go on the outside row of blocks and button-hole stitch with various colors of worsted. It is an improvement to work the fans with many kinds of odd figures. Turn the edge of the mat under about a quarter of an inch, baste in place and press down. Take heavy black cloth and cut out scallops enough to reach around the mat, lapping them about a quarter of an inch. When firmly basted in place, stitch around the edge of the mat with the machine. Line the mat and it is finished.—*Detroit Free Press*

PAINTING FLOORS.

A French writer observes that painting floors with any color containing white lead is injurious, as it renders the wood soft and less capable of wear. Other paints without white lead, such as umber or sienna, are not injurious, and can be used with advantage. Varnish made of drying lead salts is also said to be destructive, and it is recommended that the borate of magnesia should be used to dispose the varnish to dry. A recipe for a good floor varnish is given as follows: Take two pounds of pure white borate of manganese, finely powdered, and add it little by little to a sauce pan containing ten pounds of linseed oil which is to be well stirred and raised to a temperature of 360 degrees Fahrenheit. Heat 100 pounds of linseed oil in a boiler until ebullition takes place, then add to it the first liquid, increase the heat and allow it to boil for twenty minutes. Then remove from the fire and filter the solution through cotton cloth. The varnish is then ready for use, two coats of which may be used with a final coat of shellac, if a fine polish is required,—*Scientific American.*

SUMMER DESSERTS.

A great many people imagine ices are costly and trouble, and the farmer's family only have them on rare occasions for company, whereas, they might be served as desserts several time a week, being really cheaper and healthier than pies, doughnuts and other heating dainties.

Of course, there are creams and ices which are composed of expensive ingredients, but of such we are not speaking. Good ice cream may be made of rich, new milk, and in the farm-house where ice is put, is as economical, if not more so, than any other dessert. The most delicious ices are made of fruits, which, of course, all farmers do or should have in abundance. The following recipes are good and cheap:

Grape Ice—Pour a quart of boiling water on a pound of sugar and let boil five minutes. Pulp the grapes sufficient to make a pint of juice, add the skins and pulps to the sirup, press through a sieve. Let cool and freeze.

Frozen Fruits—Pare a dozen large, soft peaches and chop fine. Scald a pint of sour plums, remove the skins and stones. Mash the plums and mix with the peaches; add a pound of sugar and let stand one hour; then pour over a quart of water and stir until the sugar dissolves; pour in the freezer and freeze.

Frozen Coffee—Take four large tablespoonfuls of ground coffee and put in a boiler; add a quart of boiling water and let steam for fifteen minutes; strain and add half a pound of sugar; add the white of an egg and freeze. Frozen tea may be made in the same way. Both should be served in goblets.

Ice Cream—Beat the yolks of six eggs until creamy; add half a pound of sugar and beat again. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth; stir them into the yolks and sugar. Put a quart of new milk on to boil; mix in the eggs and sugar; stir until boiling. Take from the fire, strain and flavor; stand aside to cool. Freeze, cover and set aside to harden.

Farmer's Ice Cream—Take a quart of milk, in which mix the beaten whites of six eggs, flavor with lemon, sweeten to taste and freeze. Set aside one hour to harden.—*Farm and Fireside.*

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It seems to be the case that a horse well taken care of will ordinarily live close to twenty-five years.

Build roosts low, especially for large fowls. Clean the droppings from under the roosts at least once a week.

This is the time when the calves are often neglected. Don't neglect yours, but keep them pushing right along.

In no case breed from sickly or weak-constitutioned fowls, as your chicks will be worthless and also bring disease.

A heaping tablespoonful of pyrethrum in two gallons of water sprayed on the rose bushes will rid them of the dreaded rose-beetle.

Make a note of what you sell, when, how much, and the price. It may be to your interest some time to know about these things.

What view must we take of the persecutions which befall us from the blundering misapprehensions of others relative to our intentions?

An old goose when alive is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, the thickness and strength of the bill and fineness of the feathers.

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Come early and get your choice.

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We wish to call your attention to a fine line of

Sateens at 10 and 12½ cents.

Best Dress Ginghams at 8 cents.

Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. ☞ Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

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SPECIAL SALE OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS, Etc.

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In order to reduce our stock, we have come to the conclusion that it is far better to sell at cost than to carry Summer Goods over for the next season. If you are in need of any

White Swiss Flouncing,

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Black Lace Flouncing.

EMBROIDERIES, PARASOLS, CHALLIES, SATTEENS, RIBBONS, SILK MITTS, SILK GLOVES, &c., &c.

It will pay to give us a call, for we have the most complete line to select from, and will save you 20 per cent on your purchase.

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NOVELS. All the latest Novels by the most popular novelists, always on hand. My motto is close profits and quick sales. Am ready to wait on customers at all times. No trouble to show goods.

O. A. SMITH,
2 doors from Centre Square, Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.

GEEELY & BRO.,
Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

We wish to call your attention to a fine line of

Sateens at 10 and 12½ cents.
Best Dress Ginghams at 8 cents.
Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.

SPECIAL SALE OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS, Etc.
20 Per Cent. Reduction.

In order to reduce our stock, we have come to the conclusion that it is far better to sell at cost than to carry Summer Goods over for the next season. If you are in need of any

White Swiss Flouncing,
White Hamburg Flouncing,
Black Lace Flouncing.

EMBROIDERIES, PARASOLS, CHALLIES, SATTEENS, RIBBONS, SILK MITTS, SILK GLOVES, &c., &c.

Do not to give us a call, for we have the most complete line to select from, and will save you 20 per cent. on your purchases

GEO. D. & H. N. GITT,
HANOVER, PA.

GO TO
John H. Nau
Littlestown, Pa., for your
TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once, stating age. Mention this paper
STONE NURSERY CO. Rochester, N. Y.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,
Opposite the German Reformed Church,
NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty; Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr80-1y.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa

G. A. KLINGLE,
—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA

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Henry Grass, a young man of Krall-town, fell off a load of hay recently and sustained an aggravated compound fracture of his leg below the knee which may never be properly healed so as to prevent lameness.

The Abbottstown Band stopped here for a short time on their way home from the Conewago picnic Saturday evening, and treated our citizens to some fine music. The boys certainly are making rapid progress.

Frederick Wecker, a tanner of York disappeared last Friday afternoon. He is accused of forging the name of Jacob Reichley, as endorser, to a number of notes, aggregating, as near as can be ascertained at present, about $8,000.

As battery C, U. S. light artillery, were passing along the pike between Shrewsbury and York, recently, two young men employed by a farmer thought they were White Caps and left their teams stand in the field and run for their lives.

While attending the Conowago picnic last Tuesday, a little son John Weaver, of near White Hall, received a painful injury. He was standing near the circle of flying-horses, when one of them struck him, cutting a deep gash in his left leg.

J. H. Diehl, of Cashtown, for several days missed out of his herd of cattle, a fine young bull. Upon going into a field which contains a piece of woods he found him dead. Whether he broke his neck or injured himself internally he could not tell.

During a heavy thunder storm Monday lightning struck in the house in which Jere Hildebrand resides, at Red Lion, York county. The electricity ran down the chimney and thence to the barn, 50 feet away, where it killed a heifer. The barn was not damaged, but the basement of the house was more or less injured.

A new machine has been invented which promises to revolutionize the cigar business. It will cut, press, bind and wrap cigars with lightning like rapidity, and turns out work equal to any completed by hand. The machine cuts the tobacco up to proper size, then rolls it properly, finishes it and finally drops it into a box.

Among the lecturers at the Summer School of Christian Philosophy at Key East, N. J., this summer, is Dr. Charles F. Himes, Professor of Natural Science at Dickinson College. He spoke on "Creeds and Scientific Theories." Dr. Himes is a son of Wm. D. Himes, Esq., of this place.

The success of the Bonneauville picnic on Tuesday was somewhat spoiled by the heavy showers of rain during the afternoon.

Showers Saturday afternoon again was a drawback to the success of the Conewago picnic. The net proceeds of both days amounted to nearly $600.

FOR SALE.—A most desirable Residence. Situated on the Harrisburg road, 6 miles North of Gettysburg, 48 acres improved Lands, large new Buildings, with every other necessary improvements, all kind of Fruit &c. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address.

MRS. JOSEPH A. DILL,
Plainview P. O.,
Adams county, Pa.

Mrs. Jas. Smith, of Mountpleasant township, recently presented a quilt to her nephew that contained 14,400 patches. The quilt contained 25 yds. of calico; two squares of the quilt contain 100 colors each and there are 32¼ colors in the entire quilt. The quilt was pieced and quilted by Mrs. Smith and is a wonderful and ingenious piece of handiwork.

Attorney General Kirkpatrick decides that under the law entitling Pennsylvania soldiers to free transportation to and from Gettysburg on the occasian of the dedication of their monuments there, those to be benefited by it must have been on the army rolls not only previous to but at the time of the battle: must belong to organizations which took part in it: must have been residents of Pennsylvania when the act passed, and must show that they were honorably discharged.

A citizen of New Brighton recently received from Gettysburg a bottle of applejack over 25 [illegible] old. It seems that while in the [illegible] place during the war, he had a f[illegible]-gallon keg of the beverage, and [illegible]hen the rebels got too close he was in such a hurry to get away that he did'nt want to take it or give it up, so he dropped it into a posthole. It became covered up, and while excavating there a few days ago, it was dug up and his name discovered on the keg. A portion of the applejack was taken out and sent to him, the finder keeping the balance.

Attempted Robbery.

An attempt was made, one night recently, to burglarize the jewelry shop of H. H. McSherry at East Berlin. The door was forced open with a jimmy but the would-be thief found nothing to repay him for his pains, Mr. McSherry having removed the more valuable article to his house for the night.

Council Proceedings.

NEW OXFORD, August 6.—Council met in regular session. Burgess in the chair: members present A. S[illegible], T. A. Giso, H. Myers and A. S. Wiser. Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

The street committee reported no work done since last meeting, worthy of note.

The building committee reported that the trough through Leed's lot was completed and that it answered the purpose for which it was desired, satisfactory.

Committee on town property reported that the shed on Diehl's property, used for the protection of the wagon, fire ladders and hooks, was sold to J. W. Diehl for $8, and that the cart to be sheltered there for one year, free of charge.

On motion the lamps and posts to be painted.

It was stated that the alley in the rear of W. D. Himes' barn was in a bad condition, as well as some other places badly needed drainage. The council agreed to make an examination on Saturday next, and see what is best to do in the matter.

The hose purchased from J. E. C. Miller has arrived several weeks: the committee on town property to have the same delivered to the Fire Co. and see if they be in accordance with contract.

Bills to the amount of $34.98 were presented, examined and accepted, and that orders be granted for the same.

There being no other business, council on motion, adjourned to the first Tuesday evening of September, at the usual hour. Attest,

JOS. S. GITT, Sec'y.

Remedy for Cattle Fly.

The small flies that swarm in such numbers upon the head and near the base of the horns of cattle this season are not the true Texas flies, but a species allied to them. This fly has never been known here before, but it is common upon the low lands of Virginia and North Carolina. It is very annoying to cattle by its constant swarming about their heads. They do not eat the flesh of the animal, as some suppose, but lay their eggs at the base of the horns, and the larvæ from these eggs eat far into the head, and if not taken in time will kill the animal. They are especially destructive to calves and yearlings. Persian insect powder, put around the horns after the head has been wetted with water, is good, but has to be done too often. The best remedy is coal tar rubbed well around the horns every two weeks. The tar and its smell is an effectual barrier.—Ex.

Burned to Death.

Miss Sarah Snyder, of Edenville, a village about ten miles from Chambersburg, Franklin county, was burned to death Thursday morning, the result of a kerosene explosion. While pouring kerosene from a large can upon a lighted fire the oil in the can was ignited, and a terrific explosion followed. Miss Snyder's clothing caught fire and she was horribly burned about the head and body, suffering excruciating torture until her death, several hours later. The house barely escaped destruction. In the same family father, mother, son, daughter and grandchild have died during the past eighteen months.

Runaway Boys.

A boy aged 12 years, who had run away from his home in Myerstown, this county, was arrested Friday in Carlisle and placed in the lock-up. Saturday he was handed over to a party of market people from Adams county who returned him to his parents. Several Gettysburg boys also disappeared from home recently and as yet have not been brought back although we understand that one was caught in Columbia but was afterwards released because he denied his identity to the local authorities there.—Truth.

A Curiosity.

T. S. Eckert, Esq., of near town, informs us that he had a young chicken, or rather a double chicken, until the recent heavy rains destroyed it. He says it had one head, 2 backs, 4 legs, and 2 tails, and the peculiarity was in the fact that they were grown together breast to breast, that is when one chicken stood up, the other was back down.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Taughinbaugh on Saturday sold the property of W. S. Alleman, 140 acres of land in Mountpleasant township, with improvements, to the Executors of Wm. D. Elliott, deceased, at $4,800.

The property of Leonard Heil, 12 acres of land in Franklin township, with improvements, to James J. Adams, at $150.

Mrs. Helen Hendrix and Sue Hendrix have gone to Ocean Grove.

Mr. E. G. Toomey and family, were visiting friends at Gettysburg.

Emanuel Herman, of Philadelphia, paid a flying visit to this place last week.

Mr. J. E. C. Miller and family who have been spending some time with friends in the Western States, returned home on Thursday evening.

Mr. J. E. Myers and wife, of St. Louis, Mr. L. E. Myers and wife and son, of Williams' Mill, Cumberland county, Mr. E. F. Myers and wife, of Delta, York county, and Mr. Chas. E. Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers, of Philadelphia street, are spending some time here.

Rev. Chas. E. Wehler, of Blue Bell, Pa., is visiting his parents on High street, this place.

Messrs. D. Calvin Smith and J. H. Gates, who followed the remains of the former's beloved wife here last week, left for their home at St. Paul, Minn., on Tuesday. Both gentlemen are employed in the business department of the "Dispatch" office at that place.

Mrs. Carrie Oaster, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Harry Spalding, of Littlestown, paid a short visit to Mrs. J. C. Barnitz, this place, Monday.

Miss Kate Spangler, of East Berlin, is the guest of the Misses Lau, Carlisle street.

Miss Lottie Gates, of Elizabeth, N. J., is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. John Gates, near town.

Mrs. T. O. Feeser, Miss Jennie Celebouse, and the Misses Little, all of Littlestown, spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. C. Barnitz, of Hanover street.

Mr. Kerner Brown, of Baltimore, is visiting his friend, J. Ross Myers, of Pitt street.

Mr. Elwood Bowman and Miss Bertie Myers, of Baltimore, are stopping at Gibson Myers', Hanover street.

Miss Minnie Gerber, of York, is the guest of Miss Cora Roth, Carlisle St.

Firemen's Excursion.

On Wednesday the New Oxford Fire Company took an excursion to Pen-Mar—the members being accompanied by their wives or lady friends. The excursion was free for the Company and was tendered them in recognition of their services in saving property belonging to the W. M. R. R., at the fire of Myers' hay sheds. The members all speak in the highest and most complimentary terms of the scenery along the new road to Highfield, and of the pleasant and enjoyable time spent at Pen-Mar.

The Date Changed.

Owing to unforseen circumstances the date of holding the New Oxford picnic for the benefit of the Catholic church has been changed from Aug. 24 to Aug. 20. The committee are very active in their effort to make the picnic an enjoyable affair for both old and young, and that they will succeed is beyond doubt. The public is cordially invited. The picnic will be held in Marshall's grove, at Berlin Junction, and train accommodations will be an important feature. Music by the New Oxford Orchestra.

Dr. Brown's Place to be Filled.

Speaker Henry K. Boyer, of the House of Representatives, has decided to issue his writ for the election of members to fill the four existing vacancies in the lower house, at the coming November election. Speaker Boyer construes the law to be mandatory in its terms to issue his writ for the next succeeding election after the vacancy occurs, and although there will be no session of the Legislature until 1891, the new members will be elected this fall. Among the four places to be filled is that left vacant by the death of Dr. John J. Brown, of this county.

Annual Reunion of Lutherans.

The annual reunion of Lutherans of the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania will be held this year at Pen Mar, on September 4th. These reunions have been held for four years, and have been well attended. The crowds are usually so great that the railroad company is compelled to borrow cars from other companies to meet the demand. This year the prospects for a large attendance are unusually bright.

A Serious Matter, of Course.

The Hanover Spectator says: "A report reaches us that one day last week a man residing in the vicinity of Yost's store, near Two Taverns, Mount Joy township, Adams county, while in a violent temper caused by the bolting of his horse, deliberately took his penknife from his pocket and cut the animal's throat, causing its death. Such a man deserves the severest punishment that the law can inflict."

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Henry Grass, a young man of Krall-town, fell off a load of hay recently and sustained an aggravated compound fracture of his leg below the knee which may never be properly healed so as to prevent lameness.

The Abbottstown Band stopped here for a short time on their way home from the Conewago picnic Saturday evening, and treated our citizens to some fine music. The boys certainly are making rapid progress.

Frederick Wecker, a tanner of York disappeared last Friday afternoon. He is accused of forging the name of Jacob Reichley, as endorser, to a number of notes, aggregating, as near as can be ascertained at present, about $8,000.

As battery C, U. S. light artillery, were passing along the pike between Shrewsbury and York, recently, two young men employed by a farmer thought they were White Caps and left their teams stand in the field and ran for their lives.

While attending the Conowago picnic last Tuesday, a little son John Weaver, of near White Hall, received a painful injury. He was standing near the circle of flying-horses, when one of them struck him, cutting a deep gash in his left leg.

J. H. Diehl, of Cashtown, for several days missed out of his herd of cattle, a fine young bull. Upon going into a field which contains a piece of woods he found him dead. Whether he broke his neck or injured himself internally he could not tell.

During a heavy thunder storm Monday lightning struck in the house in which Jere Hildebrand resides, at Red Lion, York county. The electricity ran down the chimney and thence to the barn, 50 feet away, where it killed a heifer. The barn was not damaged, but the basement of the house was more or less injured.

A new machine has been invented which promises to revolutionize the cigar business. It will cut, press, bind and wrap cigars with lightning like rapidity, and turns out work equal to any completed by hand. The machine cuts the tobacco up to proper size, then rolls it properly, finishes it and finally drops it into a box.

Among the lecturers at the Summer School of Christian Philosophy at Key East, N. J., this summer, is Dr. Charles F. Himes, Professor of Natural Science at Dickinson College. He spoke on "Creeds and Scientific Theories." Dr. Himes is a son of Wm. D. Himes, Esq., of this place.

The success of the Bonneauville picnic on Tuesday was somewhat spoiled by the heavy showers of rain during the afternoon.

Showers Saturday afternoon again was a drawback to the success of the Conewago picnic. The net proceeds of both days amounted to nearly $600.

FOR SALE.—A most desirable Residence. Situated on the Harrisburg road, 6 miles North of Gettysburg, 48 acres improved Lands, large new Buildings, with every other necessary improvements, all kind of Fruit &c. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address.

MRS. JOSEPH A. DIEHL,
Plainview P. O.,
Adams county, Pa.

Mrs. Jas. Smith, of Mountpleasant township, recently presented a quilt to her nephew that contained 14,400 patches. The quilt contained 25 yds. of calico; two squares of the quilt contain 100 colors each and there are 324 colors in the entire quilt. The quilt was pieced and quilted by Mrs. Smith and is a wonderful and ingenious piece of handiwork.

Attorney General Kirkpatrick decides that under the law entitling Pennsylvania soldiers to free transportation to and from Gettysburg on the occasian of the dedication of their monuments there, those to be benefited by it must have been on the army rolls not only previous to but at the time of the battle; must belong to organizations which took part in it; must have been residents of Pennsylvania when the act passed, and must show that they were honorably discharged.

A citizen of New Brighton recently received from Gettysburg a bottle of applejack over 25 years old. It seems that while in that place during the war, he had a four-gallon keg of the beverage, and when the rebels got too close he was in such a hurry to get away that he did'nt want to take it or give it up, so he dropped it into a posthole. It became covered up, and while excavating there a few days ago, it was dug up and his name discovered on the keg. A portion of the applejack was taken out and sent to him, the finder keeping the balance.

Attempted Robbery.

An attempt was made, one night recently, to burglarize the jewelry shop of H. H. McSherry at East Berlin. The door was forced open with a jimmy but the would-be thief found nothing to repay him for his pains, Mr. McSherry having removed the more valuable article to his house for the night.

Council Proceedings.

NEW OXFORD, August 6.—Council met in regular session, Burgess in the chair; members present A. Sheely, P. A. Gise, H. Myers and A. S. Feiser. Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

The street committee reported no work done since last meeting, worthy of note.

The building committee reported that the trough through Leese's lot was completed and that it answered the purpose for which it was desired, satisfactory

Committee on town property reported that the shed on Diehl's property, used for the protection of the wagon, fire ladders and hooks, was sold to J. W. Diehl for $8, and that the cart to be sheltered there for one year, free of charge.

On motion the lamps and posts to be painted.

It was stated that the alley in the rear of W. D. Himes' barn was in a bad condition, as well as some other places badly needed drainage. The council agreed to make an examination on Saturday next, and see what is best to do in the matter.

The hose purchased from J. E. C. Miller has arrived several weeks; the committee on town property to have the same delivered to the Fire Co. and see if they be in accordance with contract.

Bills to the amount of $34.98 were presented, examined and accepted, and that orders be granted for the same.

There being no other business, council on motion, adjourned to the first Tuesday evening of September, at the usual hour. Attest,

JOS. S. GITT, Sec'y.

Remedy for Cattle Fly.

The small flies that swarm in such numbers upon the head and near the base of the horns of cattle this season are not the true Texas flies, but a species allied to them. This fly has never been known here before, but it is common upon the low lands of Virginia and North Carolina. It is very annoying to cattle by its constant swarming about their heads. They do not eat the flesh of the animal, as some suppose, but lay their eggs at the base of the horns, and the larva from these eggs eat far into the head, and if not taken in time will kill the animal. They are especially destructive to calves and yearlings. Persian insect powder, put around the horns after the head has been wetted with water, is good, but has to be done too often. The best remedy is coal tar rubbed well around the horns every two weeks. The tar and its smell is an effectual barrier.—Ex.

Burned to Death.

Miss Sarah Snyder, of Edenville, a village about ten miles from Chambersburg, Franklin county, was burned to death Thursday morning, the result of a kerosene explosion. While pouring kerosene from a large can upon a lighted fire the oil in the can was ignited, and a terrific explosion followed. Miss Snyder's clothing caught fire and she was horribly burned about the head and body, suffering excruciating torture until her death, several hours later. The house barely escaped destruction. In the same family father, mother, son, daughter and grandchild have died during the past eighteen months.

Runaway Boys.

A boy aged 12 years, who had run away from his home in Myerstown, this county, was arrested Friday in Carlisle and placed in the lock-up. Saturday he was handed over to a party of market people from Adams county who returned him to his parents. Several Gettysburg boys also disappeared from home recently and as yet have not been brought back although we understand that one was caught in Columbia but was afterwards released because he denied his identity to the local authorities there.—Truth.

A Curiosity.

T. S. Eckert, Esq., of near town, informs us that he had a young chicken, or rather a double chicken, until the recent heavy rains destroyed it. He says it had one head, 2 backs, 4 legs, and 2 tails, and the peculiarity was in the fact that they were grown together breast to breast, that is when one chicken stood up, the other was back down.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Taughinbaugh on Saturday sold the property of W. S Alleman, 140 acres of land in Mountpleasant township, with improvements, to the Executors of Wm. D. Elliott, deceased, at $4,800.

The property of Leonard Heil, 12 acres of land in Franklin township, with improvements, to James J. Adams, at $150.

Mrs Helen Hendrix and Sue Hines have gone to Ocean Grove.

Mr. E. G. Topper and family, were visiting friends at Gettysburg.

Emanuel Herman, of Philadelphia, paid a flying visit to this place last week.

Mr. J. E. C Miller and family who have been spending some time with friends in the Western States, returned home on Thursday evening.

Mr. J. E. Myers and wife, of St. Louis, Mr. L. E. Myers and wife and son, of Williams' Mill, Cumberland county, Mr. E. F. Myers and wife, of Delta, York county, and Mr. Chas. E. Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. E Myers, of Philadelphia street, are spending some time here.

Rev. Chas. E. Wehler, of Blue Bell Pa., is visiting his parents on High street, this place.

Messrs. D. Calvin Smith and J. H. Gates, who followed the remains of the former's beloved wife here last week, left for their home at St. Paul Minn., on Tuesday. Both gentlemen are employed in the business department of the "Dispatch" office at that place

Mrs. Carrie Oaster, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Harry Spalding, of Littlestown, paid a short visit to Mrs. J. C Barnitz, this place, Monday.

Miss Kate Spangler, of East Berlin, is the guest of the Misses Lau, Carlisle street.

Miss Lottie Gates, of Elizabeth, N. J., is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. John Gates, near town.

Mrs. T. O. Feeser, Miss Jennie Colehouse, and the Misses Little, all of Littlestown, spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. C. Barnitz, of Hanover street

Mr. Kerner Brown, of Baltimore, is visiting his friend, J. Ross Myers, of Pitt street.

Mr. Elwood Bowman and Miss Bertie Myers, of Baltimore, are stopping at Gibson Myers', Hanover street.

Miss Minnie Gerber, of York, is the guest of Miss Cora Roth, Carlisle St

Firemen's Excursion.

On Wednesday the New Oxford Fire Company took an excursion to Pen-Mar—the members being accompanied by their wives or lady friends. The excursion was free for the Company and was tendered them in recognition of their services in saving property belonging to the W. M. R. R., at the fire of Myers' hay sheds. The members all speak in the highest and most complimentary terms of the scenery along the new road to Highfield, and of the pleasant and enjoyable time spent at Pen-Mar.

The Date Changed.

Owing to unforseen circumstances the date of holding the New Oxford picnic for the benefit of the Catholic church has been changed from Aug. 24 to Aug. 20. The committee are very active in their effort to make the picnic an enjoyable affair for both old and young, and that they will succeed is beyond doubt. The public is cordially invited. The picnic will be held in Marshall's grove, at Berlin Junction, and train accommodations will be an important feature. Music by the New Oxford Orchestra.

Dr. Brown's Place to be Filled.

Speaker Henry K. Boyer, of the House of Representatives, has decided to issue his writ for the election of members to fill the four existing vacancies in the lower house, at the coming November election. Speaker Boyer construes the law to be mandatory in its terms to issue his writ for the next succeeding election after the vacancy occurs, and although there will be no session of the Legislature until 1891, the new members will be elected this fall. Among the four places to be filled is that left vacant by the death of Dr. John J. Brown, of this county.

Annual Reunion of Lutherans.

The annual reunion of Lutherans of the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania will be held this year at Pen Mar, on September 4th. These reunions have been held for four years, and have been well attended. The crowds are usually so great that the railroad company is compelled to borrow cars from other companies to meet the demand. This year the prospects for a large attendance are unusually bright.

A Serious Matter, if True.

The Hanover Spectator says: "A report reaches us that one day last week a man residing in the vicinity of Yost's store, near Two Taverns, Mountjoy township, Adams county, while in a violent temper caused by the balking of his horse, deliberately took his penknife from his pocket and cut the animal's throat, causing its death. Such a fiend deserves the severest punishment that the law can inflict."

WHAT MATTERS IT?

What matters it, my curious friend, where lies
Our heavenly harbor and our land of rest?
Whether it be beyond the azure skies
Or in some lower world, God knoweth best.
It offers safety from our cares, and so
What matters whether it be high or low.
It offers rest; what more should mortals know?

Rest from the weariness of burdened days,
Of bitter longings and of evil hours,
Of duties leading us through darkened ways
And into efforts far beyond our powers,
Of dark temptations into secret sin,
Of constant labor, earth's poor gauds to win,
Of spirits deafened by the strife and din.

It matters nothing as to when or where
We find the haven and the welcome home;
Let curious doubt give place to trusting prayer,
And no weak soul through speculation roam.
We seek for sealed-up secrets, hidden things:
Enough for us if on eternal wings
We reach the country of those better things.

Vex not thy spirit, oh, aspiring man!
But live thy days as earnest workers must;
Nor try to pierce through God's mysterious plan
Which obligates thee to a life of trust.
Some day, somewhere, while countless ages roll,
The hungry heart shall comprehend the whole,
The veil be parted for thy thankful soul.

—*J. Edgar Jones.*

"BOSS DARLIN'."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"You can't always tell what's in a bundle by the looks of the wrapper."

The old man had found a seat on a fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hill-side, and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke and let his eye run along its length, as if to discover its irregularities; but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it, and stop tryin', 'twould save a deal of trouble. Now, there's the Darlin'—"

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated, uncertainly.

The keen eyes under the old man's shaggy brows twinkled, and his gray mustache twitched.

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman, like puddler or nailer, or such, its just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve years and more ago. Things had been going pretty bad at the mill then—stops and hitches of one kind or 'nother—and times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or, leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the short-sighted, savin' kind, that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'conomize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to, till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ought to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter, and sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden one day Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill, and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's hands. He'd been here the longest of any of the men, and knew a deal about the business in a practical kind of way.

"There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally, after the way things had been goin', we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old mates, would be an improvement. Then, one day, down in the mornin' train comes one of the company, bringin' with him a young feller—looked younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes, and light curly hair like a girl; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent.

"'Superintendent!' says Tom Clarkson, as they passed by where we was workin'. 'That chap never superintended nothin' heftier than a band-box in his born days.'

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clo'es, curly hair, white hands and all. I b'lieve them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's.

"'Look at em!' says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. 'If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little pianner, and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'!'

"So that was the name we got to callin' him—'The Darlin'.' Not to his face. Bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel-blue now and then, and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife-blade.

"After a while we found there was some experiments to be made—some invention of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that, I can tell you, for we thought the company'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things if a body'll only take trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands, big, strong and willin', but helpless to pervide for them dependin' on you, and then see a pair of soft, white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, Old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow.

"'And this feller,—I'll be bound he's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!' says Jim Bryce—'he'll fool away no end of money, and then either the mill will have to go down, or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now.'

"'Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down, unless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would!' answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that.

"Of course 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and, after a while, from hopin' somethin' would happen, the boys went a little farther, and got to plannin' how to make it happen.

"I ain't goin' to tell much about any plot. I took care not to know much about it, for fear I'd run across somethin' I'd feel bound to try to hender, and I didn't want to hender nothin', that's the fact. Only there was no murder ner nothin' like that in it: the men wasn't that kind—leastways, most of 'em wasn't.

"'No, we ain't goin' to hurt mammy's darlin',—bless his pretty little heart!—not 'less he gits in the way, when he'd better be out of it,' says Tom, with a grin. 'But if the plaything he's so tickled over jest flies to flinders some day, and the noise scares him so that he gives it up and runs home, it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us.'

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and blacks looks and secret meetin's went on.

"One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we worked. I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not a leaf moved on the trees, and everything was still, like as if the world was holdin' its breath and waitin' for somethin'.

"Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of castin's throwed black shadows over the slippery floor: the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glarin' out like a big red eye. There's times when common things don't have a common look, and it's mostly them kind of times that git burned into your mem'ry, somehow.

"Nothin' seemed to go that day the way folks had calculated. The miser'ble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' and there was Boss Darlin', comin' back from his dinner at an onarthly hour when he'd never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his button-hole, and looked like a dancin' master goin' to a party,' as I heard Bob mutter, as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room. They couldn't carry out their plan then, so there was nothin' left for 'em but to hide it.

"The boss looked 'round kind of smilin' and pleasant like. He'd got that model he was busy with obout into workin' order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do, that day, bue have it brought out into our room because, the weather havin' turned gloomy like, there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed fussin' over it, just as if he was on guard.

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl, who had come down with his lunch-basket, couldn't go home. Jim was a piece worker, and always said he could do twice as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout three o'clock.

"Jim looked sort of uneasy, now and then, when little Jinny'd get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh where the box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any danger; only I was sure he didn't like her 'round there, and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond—a store-room where she was let stay sometimes, while she waited for her father's basket.

"The storm grew heavier instead of lighter, till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin' flash of light and a crash as if the whole earth was a-tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look 'round we found that the whole end of the room was blowed off, and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bomb-shell had tore through.

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin', but we could see that it was swayin' and weavin' just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did: for over on the other side of it run another buildin', where the finishin' rooms was, and all hands at work.

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once—that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. 'Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built, or we had any alarm connection with all the rooms. There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside the totterin' wall.

"You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'.

"'The bell!' says somebody, but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left.

"'Back, men, back! That is my place. You have families.'

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost before we was sure what he was aimin' for, he had reached the place, and the white hands strong and steady, had hold of the rope and was makin' the old bell show danger if ever a bell did.

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started toward us again. Then a long, shivering breath ran round the crowd.

"I b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was naturally scared nigh to death at the uproar, and instead of stayin' where she was safe what does she do but come creepin' out of the store-room—it was off to the right you understand, and considerable torn up, like ours—and to try and make her way over the ruins to her father.

"The boss heard her cry, turned back like a flash, and catchin' her in his arms began to climb over the rubbish piles again.

"'Catch her!' he called the minute he was near enough, and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and, though a dozen of us had our hands stretched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt and stones.

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar—or maybe it wasn't the jar at all—but anyway the next minute there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it.

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt—badly, that is; of course a few was struck with flying stones, and hurt in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the ruins.

"That was a queer night. I don't remember when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was, and how the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill.

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar! one set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired, and as many workin' at once as the space would allow.

"Once, goin' back into the mill to rest a bit, I found Jim Bayce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that Boss had been workin' over, back into the office where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 'twas a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while.

"'I'd give anything if I could jest git back to this mornin' again!' says Jim, with a groan. 'To think——'

"But he couldn't finish sayin' it, and it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all; and that not bein' sure was the only comfortin' thing about it.

"No, he wasn't killed after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come 'round again at last, and got back to the mill to finish up his invention.

"It was a success, too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now—the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country—and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it: and that was why he come here.

"That's his house over there, that big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married, and settled down among his mill folks, as he calls 'em.

"Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin', and don't think he's good lookin now, why, this valley wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."—*Youth's Companion.*

Paraphernalia of a Bull Fighter.

The expert Mexican bull fighter, Ponciano Diaz, has left for Spain, taking with him two fine horses—one, the General, for which he has been offered a thousand dollars—six handsomely mounted saddles, valued at $350 apiece; three costly costumes, embroidered in gold and silver, and two hats to correspond with the suits. He goes thoroughly equipped in all the small accessories of bull fighting, besides several costumes and hats for his "picadores."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

WONDERFUL TRICKS PERFORMED BY THE HINDOO WIZARDS.

Skilful Sleight-of-Hand Exhibitions Which Puzzle the Most Careful Watchers—The Basket Trick.

Let me give you a picture of an Indian juggler, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Bombay, India. One stands outside my hotel window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accompaniments of the American wizard. His sole possessions consist of three small baskets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks and each not over a foot long, are the gods which enable him to do wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black-faced and black-bearded, and his shirt sleeves are pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted basket trick of India.

This trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of the world. The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which incloses his whole body so that he apparently cannot move. He is now crowded into this basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler now takes a sword, and with a few passes of these little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a preliminary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a crying as though some one was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child, and the sword comes out bloody. You hold your breath, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like pouncing upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you that there is nothing within it. He calls: "Baba! baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know. I only know it was a sleight-of-hand performance and wonderfully well done.

The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut, and, putting this into the earth, he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon his horn, makes mysterious passes, and after a few moments raises the cloth and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow, and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot, and the plant has grown about a foot above it. There is more watering and more incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves. This he will pull up by the root and show you the seed at the bottom. It is a wonderful trick, and how the man is able to manipulate the different plants with nothing else but a thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way, he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand performances equally as wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choke as he draws out coin after coin and balls of stone almost as big around as your fist. He spits fire, as does the American wizard, pulls miles of string from his stomach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most wonderful of all.

In doing this snake trick he asks for a piece of paper and asks you to hold out your hand. You do so and he places the paper upon it. He then begins to play upon his pipe and to dart out his eyes as though he saw something near your hand. His whole frame becomes transformed he dances around you like a wizard, playing all the time and keeping his eyes on your hand. Now he starts back and points at it. You look and see nothing and he begins to plays louder and dance wilder than ever. Remember his arms are bare to the elbow and both of his hands are upon his pipe. Suddenly he drops the pipe and continues his dance with incantations. He points to the paper again and while you look and see nothing he claps his hand down upon it and pulls up three great cobras, which raise their hooded heads and dart out their fangs in different directions, and squirm and wriggle as he holds them up before you. You jump back, for the bite of the cobra is deadly, and I am told that the snakes used have in some cases not had their fangs drawn.

A juggler was killed a week ago in Benares by the bite of a cobra which he was using in this way, and they are the most terrible snakes I have ever seen. At another performance of this same kind I was present with a party of four, and we all decided to ascertain, if we could, how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and overlooked the man as he snatched up the snakes, but I could not see where they came from, and I only know that he had them, and that they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

THE WATCHDOG THAT WAS DROWNED.

Songs will be sung of the living,
And songs will be sung of the dead,
By the singers of the thousands
That will o'er the valley spread,
Songs will be sung of the missing,
And songs will be sung of the found,
While none will think of singing,
Of the watchdog that was drowned.

How many things called human
That torrent swept from sight;
How many viler beings
It dashed into their night;
Yet for all alike is weeping,
For each is grief profound,
While no one has a murmur
For the watchdog that was drowned.

Let others sing of mortals,
And expect a mortal's cheer:
But the song sung for the singing
Is to the world more dear.
So to me befalls more honor
Than to half the monarchs crowned—
To pay a simple tribute
To the watchdog that was drowned.

Adown the Conemaugh Valley
Will monuments arise,
To land some common mortals
Into God's purest skies;
Bear up these mighty pillars,
Thick as they may abound;
But mother Earth, rest lightly
On the watchdog that was drowned.

—*D. R. McGregor, in New York Graphic.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A thrifty animal is the snake. He can always make both ends meet.

"You advertised for a nurse, madam?" "I—d-d. What experience have you had with dogs?"

A country doctor who owned a smokehouse hung out a sign—"Consumption and hams cured."

A corner in waterproof footwear is an insult to the understanding.—*Portland (Me.) Advertiser.*

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.—*Merchant Traveler.*

People who are fond of eggs take more interest in the hens than in the poet's lay.—*New York Herald.*

"Buy your leave, sir," as the landlord remarked when he paid an undesirable tenant to vacate.—*Siftings.*

She—"All extremely bright men are awfully conceited, anyway." He—"Oh, I don't know; I'm not."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Wife—"I wish you would push this baby carriage a little way." Husband—"Well, I will, if you will carry the baby."—*Boston Herald.*

A London journal facetiously remarks that "Mr. Conybeare dined with his admirers on the Queen's birthday. Covers were laid for one."

"Howton has some very strange ideas about dress." "You surprise me. Judging from his dress, I imagined he had no ideas at all."—*Bazar.*

He—"What a lovely—er complexion Miss Slimlymme has! Her arms remind one of ivory." She—"Or bone."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Horrified Husband—"A dollar for those two quills in your hat! Why, it would have been cheaper to buy the whole goose."—*Bazar.*

William Kinns has a fine pair of veal calves hung up in his market to tickle the palates of his customers, that weigh 150 pounds each.—*Saratoga Union.*

"Yes," he acknowledged sadly, as he rose from his knees, "I am an amateur photographer, but I do not like to take a negative all the same."—*New York Herald.*

Fond Father—"You want my daughter, eh? Have you any prospects?" Suitor—"No, sir." Fond Father—"Nor has she. Take her and be happy."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Matron—"If I give you your breakfast will you do some work in return?" Tramp—"Yes, madam; I promise to exert myself sufficiently to eat the breakfast you give me."—*Yankee Blade.*

Boy—"Oh, mamma, our cat has caught a rat."—Mamma—"Take it away from puss and give it to the Chinese laundryman when he calls. He'll allow a deduction on the wash."—*Epoch.*

"Go out and despatch that snake," ordered the Bostonian, and her green gardener horrified the female telegraph operator by attempting to send the snake by telegraph.—*New York Herald.*

When a distinguished citizen enters your home, you do not ask him to "take a seat on the floor," but if he should visit Congress or the Legislature, it is considered just the thing to do.—*Boston Post.*

Freddie—"Why, old chappie, I heard that the sheriff sold you out yesterday; and yet here you are with your stick and eyeglass same as ever." Teddie—"O, me boy, the law won't take away the tools of one's trade, don'tcherknow."—*Time.*

Ella—"How do you like Mr. Mash? I hear he called the other night." Ethel—"I think he's fearfully horrid. He asked me if I could play on the piano, and I told him that I couldn't play much." "And what then?" "That was all."—*New York Sun.*

There was a death in the house. A neighboring undertaker calling to offer his services was told that another had already been engaged. "Pardon," said the disappointed man, bowing himself out, "I hope I shall be happier another time."—*Siftings.*

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WHAT MATTERS IT?

What matters it, my curious friend, where lies
Our heavenly harbor and our land of rest?
Whether it be beyond the azure skies
Or in some lower world, God knoweth best.
It offers safety from our cares, and so
What matters whether it be high or low,
It offers rest; what more should mortals know?

Rest from the weariness of burdened days,
Of bitter longings and of evil hours,
Of duties leading us through darkened ways
And into efforts far beyond our powers,
Of dark temptations into secret sin,
Of constant labor, earth's poor gauds to win,
Of spirits deafened by the strife and din.

It matters nothing as to when or where
We find the haven and the welcome home;
Let curious doubt give place to trusting prayer,
And no weak soul through speculation roam.
We seek for sealed-up secrets, hidden things;
Enough for us if on eternal wings
We reach the country of those better things.

Vex not thy spirit, oh, aspiring man!
But live thy days as earnest workers must;
Nor try to pierce through God's mysterious plan
Which obligates thee to a life of trust.
Some day, somewhere, while countless ages roll,
The hungry heart shall comprehend the whole,
The veil be parted for thy thankful soul.

—*J. Edgar Jones.*

"BOSS DARLIN'."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"You can't always tell what's in a bundle by the looks of the wrapper."

The old man had found a seat on a fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hill-side, and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke and let his eye run along its length, as if to discover its irregularities; but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it, and stop tryin', 'twould save a deal of trouble. Now, there's the Darlin'—"

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated, uncertainly.

The keen eyes under the old man's shaggy brows twinkled, and his gray mustache twitched.

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman, like puddler or nailer, or such, its just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve years and more ago. Things had been going pretty bad at the mill then—stops and hitches of one kind or 'nother—and times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or, leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the short-sighted, savin' kind, that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'conomize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to, till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ought to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter, and sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden one day Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill, and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's hands. He'd been here the longest of any of the men, and knew a deal about the business in a practical kind of way.

"There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally, after the way things had been goin', we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old mates, would be an improvement. Then, one day, down in the mornin' train comes one of the company, bringin' with him a young feller—looked younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes, and light curly hair like a girl; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent.

"'Superintendent!' says Tom Clarkson, as they passed by where we was workin'. 'That chap never superintended nothin' heftier than a band-box in his born days.'

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clo'es, curly hair, white hands and all. I b'lieve them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's.

"'Look at em!' says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. 'If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little pianner, and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'!'

"So that was the name we got to callin' him—'The Darlin'.' Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel-blue now and then, and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife-blade.

"After a while we found there was some experiments to be made—some invention of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that, I can tell you, for we thought the company'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things if a body'll only take trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands, big, strong and willin', but helpless to pervide for them dependin' on you, and then see a pair of soft, white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, Old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow.

"'And this feller,—I'll be bound he's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!' says Jim Bryce—'he'll fool away no end of money, and then either the mill will have to go down, or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now.'

"'Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down, unless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would!' answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that.

"Of course 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and, after a while, from hopin' somethin' would happen, the boys went a little farther, and got to plannin' how to make it happen.

"I ain't goin' to tell much about any plot. I took care not to know much about it, for fear I'd run across somethin' I'd feel bound to try to hender, and I didn't want to hender nothin', that's the fact. Only there was no murder nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind—leastways, most of 'em wasn't.

"'No, we ain't goin' to hurt mammy's darlin',—bless his pretty little heart!—not 'less he gits in the way, when he'd better be out of it,' says Tom, with a grin. 'But if the plaything he's so tickled over jest flies to flinders some day, and the noise scares him so that he gives it up and runs home, it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us.'

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and blacks looks and secret meetin's went on.

"One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we worked. I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not a leaf moved on the trees, and everything was still, like as if the world was holdin' its breath and waitin' for somethin'.

"Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of castin's throwed black shadows over the slippery floor; the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glarin' out like a big red eye. There's times when common things don't have a common look, and it's mostly them kind of times that git burned into your mem'ry, somehow.

"Nothin' seemed to go that day the way folks had calculated. The miser'ble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' and there was Boss Darlin', comin' back from his dinner at an onarthly hour when he'd never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his button-hole, and 'looked like a dancin' master goin' to a party,' as I heard Bob mutter, as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room. They couldn't carry out their plan then, so there was nothin' left for 'em but to hide it.

"The boss looked 'round kind of smilin' and pleasant like. He'd got that model he was busy with about into workin' order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do, that day, bue have it brought out into our room because, the weather havin' turned gloomy like, there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed fussin' over it, just as if he was on gnard.

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl, who had come down with his lunch-basket, couldn't go home. Jim was a piece worker, and always said he could do twice as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout three o'clock.

"Jim looked sort of uneasy, now and then, when little Jinny'd get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh where the box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any danger; only I was sure he didn't like her 'round there, and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond—a store-room where she was let stay sometimes, while she waited for her father's basket.

"The storm grew heavier instead of lighter, till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin' flash of light and a crash as if the whole earth was a-tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look 'round we found that the whole end of the room was blowed off, and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bomb-shell had tore through.

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin', but we could see that it was swayin' and weavin' just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did; for over on the other side of it run another buildin', where the finishin' rooms was, and all hands at work.

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once—that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. 'Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built, or we had any alarm connection with all the rooms. There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside the totterin' wall.

"You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'.

"'The bell!' says somebody, but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left.

"'Back, men, back! That is my place. You have families.'

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost before we was sure what he was aimin' for, he had reached the place, and the white hands strong and steady, had hold of the rope and was makin' the old bell show danger if ever a bell did.

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started towards us again. Then a long, shivering breath ran round the crowd.

"I b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was naturally scared nigh to death at the uproar, and instead of stayin' where she was safe what does she do but come creepin' out of the store-room—it was off to the right you understand, and considerable torn up, like ours—and to try and make her way over the ruins to her father.

"The boss heard her cry, turned back like a flash, and catchin' her in his arms, began to climb over the rubbish piles again.

"'Catch her!' he called the minute he was near enough, and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and, though a dozen of us had our hands streched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt and stones.

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar—or maybe it wasn't the jar at all—but anyway the next minute there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it.

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt—badly, that is; of course a few was struck with flying stones, and hurt in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the ruins.

"That was a queer night. I don't remember when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was, and how the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill.

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar! one set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired, and as many workin' at once as the space would allow.

"Once, goin' back into the mill to rest a bit, I found Jim Bayce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that Boss had been workin' over, back into the office 'where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 'twas a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while.

"'I'd give anything if I could jest git back to this mornin' again!' says Jim, with a groan. 'To think——'

"But he couldn't finish sayin' it, and it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all; and that not bein' sure was the only comfortin' thing about it.

"No, he wasn't killed after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come 'round again at last, and got back to the mill to finish up his invention.

"It was a success, too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now—the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country—and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it; and that was why he come here.

"That's his house over there, that big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married, and settled down among his mill folks, as he calls 'em.

"Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin', and don't think he's good lookin now, why, this valley wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."—*Youth's Companion.*

Paraphernalia of a Bull Fighter.

The expert Mexican bull fighter, Ponciano Diaz, has left for Spain, taking with him two fine horses—one, the General, for which he has been offered a thousand dollars—six handsomely mounted saddles, valued at $350 apiece; three costly costumes, embroidered in gold and silver, and two hats to correspond with the suits. He goes thoroughly equipped in all the small accessories of bull fighting, besides several costumes and hats for his "picadores."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

WONDERFUL TRICKS PERFORMED BY THE HINDOO WIZARDS.

Skilful Sleight-of-Hand Exhibitions Which Puzzle the Most Careful Watchers—The Basket Trick.

Let me give you a picture of an Indian juggler, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Bombay, India. One stands outside my hotel window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accompaniments of the American wizard. His sole possessions consist of three small baskets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks and each not over a foot long, are the gods which enable him to do wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black-faced and black-bearded, and his shirt sleeves are pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted basket trick of India.

This trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of the world. The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which incloses his whole body so that he apparently cannot move. He is now crowded into this basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler now takes a sword, and with a few passes of these little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a preliminary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a crying as though some one was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child, and the sword comes out bloody. You hold your breath, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like pouncing upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you that there is nothing within it. He calls: "Baba! baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know. I only know it was a sleight-of-hand performance and wonderfully well done.

The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut, and, putting this into the earth, he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon his horn, makes mysterious passes, and after a few moments raises the cloth and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow, and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot, and the plant has grown about a foot above it. There is more watering and more incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves. This he will pull up by the root and show you the seed at the bottom. It is a wonderful trick, and how the man is able to manipulate the different plants with nothing else but a thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way, he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand performances equally as wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choke as he draws out coin after coin and balls of stone almost as big around as your fist. He spits fire, as does the American wizard, pulls miles of string from his stomach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most wonderful of all.

In doing this snake trick he asks for a piece of paper and asks you to hold out your hand. You do so and he places the paper upon it. He then begins to play upon his pipe and to dart out his eyes as though he saw something near your hand. His whole frame becomes transformed he dances around you like a wizard, playing all the time and keeping his eyes on your hand. Now he starts back and points at it. You look and see nothing and he begins to plays louder and dance wilder than ever. Remember his arms are bare to the elbow and both of his hands are upon his pipe. Suddenly he drops the pipe and continues his dance with incantations. He points to the paper again and while you look and see nothing he claps his hand down upon it and pulls up three great cobras, which raise their hooded heads and dart out their fangs in different directions, and squirm and wriggle as he holds them up before you. You jump back, for the bite of the cobra is deadly, and I am told that the snakes used have in some cases not had their fangs drawn.

A juggler was killed a week ago in Benares by the bite of a cobra which he was using in this way, and they are the most terrible snakes I have ever seen. At another performance of this same kind I was present with a party of four, and we all decided to ascertain, if we could, how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and overlooked the man as he snatched up the snakes, but I could not see where they came from, and I only know that he had them, and that they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

THE WATCHDOG THAT WAS DROWNED.

Songs will be sung of the living,
And songs will be sung of the dead,
By the singers of the thousands
That will o'er the valley spread,
Songs will be sung of the missing,
And songs will be sung of the found,
While none will think of singing,
Of the watchdog that was drowned.

How many things called human
That torrent swept from sight;
How many viler beings
It dashed into their night;
Yet for all alike is weeping,
For each is grief profound,
While no one has a murmur
For the watchdog that was drowned.

Let others sing of mortals,
And expect a mortal's cheer:
But the song sung for the singing
Is to the world more dear.
So to me befalls more honor
Than to half the monarchs crowned—
To pay a simple tribute
To the watchdog that was drowned.

Adown the Conemaugh Valley
Will monuments arise,
To land some common mortals
Into God's purest skies;
Bear up these mighty pillars,
Thick as they may abound;
But mother Earth, rest lightly
On the watchdog that was drowned.

—*D. R. McGregor, in New York Graphic.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A thrifty animal is the snake. He can always make both ends meet.

"You advertised for a nurse, madam?" "I—d-d. What experience have you had with dogs?"

A country doctor who owned a smokehouse hung out a sign—"Consumption and hams cured."

A corner in waterproof footwear is an insult to the understanding.—*Portland (Me.) Advertiser.*

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.—*Merchant Traveler.*

People who are fond of eggs take more interest in the hens than in the poet's lay.—*New York Herald.*

"Buy your leave, sir," as the landlord remarked when he paid an undesirable tenant to vacate.—*Siftings.*

She—"All extremely bright men are awfully conceited, anyway." He—"Oh, I don't know; I'm not."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Wife—"I wish you would push this baby carriage a little way." Husband—"Well, I will, if you will carry the baby."—*Boston Herald.*

A London journal facetiously remarks that "Mr. Conybeare dined with his admirers on the Queen's birthday. Covers were laid for one."

"Howton has some very strange ideas about dress." "You surprise me. Judging from his dress, I imagined he had no ideas at all."—*Bazar.*

He—"What a lovely—er complexion Miss Slimlymme has! Her arms remind one of ivory." She—"Or bone."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Horrified Husband—"A dollar for those two quills in your hat! Why, it would have been cheaper to buy the whole goose."—*Bazar.*

William Kinns has a fine pair of veal calves hung up in his market to tickle the palates of his customers, that weigh 150 pounds each.—*Saratoga Union.*

"Yes," he acknowledged sadly, as he rose from his knees, "I am an amateur photographer, but I do not like to take a negative all the same."—*New York Herald.*

Fond Father—"You want my daughter, eh? Have you any prospects?" Suitor—"No, sir." Fond Father—"Nor has she. Take her and be happy."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Matron—"If I give you your breakfast will you do some work in return?" Tramp—"Yes, madam; I promise to exert myself sufficiently to eat the breakfast you give me."—*Yankee Blade.*

Boy—"Oh, mamma, our cat has caught a rat."—Mamma—"Take it away from puss and give it to the Chinese laundryman when he calls. He'll allow a deduction on the wash."—*Epoch.*

"Go out and despatch that snake," ordered the Bostonian, and her green gardener horrified the female telegraph operator by attempting to send the snake by telegraph.—*New York Herald.*

When a distinguished citizen enters your home, you do not ask him to "take a seat on the floor;" but if he should visit Congress or the Legislature, it is considered just the thing to do.—*Boston Post.*

Freddie—"Why, old chappie, I heard that the sheriff sold you out yesterday; and yet here you are with your stick and eyeglass same as ever." Teddie—"O, me boy, the law won't take away the tools of one's trade, don'tcherknow."—*Time.*

Ella—"How do you like Mr. Mash? I hear he called the other night." Ethel—"I think he's fearfully horrid. He asked me if I could play on the piano, and I told him that I couldn't play much." "And what then?" "That was all."—*New York Sun.*

There was a death in the house. A neighboring undertaker calling to offer his services was told that another had already been engaged. "Pardon," said the disappointed man, bowing himself out, "I hope I shall be happier another time."—*Siftings.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A typewriting machine that will use ript is promised before long.

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The Original Jim Crow.

In the summer of 1828, back of the Louisville (Ky.) Theatre was a livery table kept by a man named Crow. The ctors could look into the stable yard rom the windows of their dressing rooms, nd were very fond of watching the movements of an old and decrepit slave who was employed by the proprietor to o all sorts of odd jobs. As was the cus- om among the colored people he had as- umed his master's name, and called him- elf Jim Crow. He was very much de- formed—the right shoulder was drawn p high, and the left leg was stiff and rooked at the knee, which gave him a painful, but at the same time ludicrous, imp. He was in the habit of crooning a queer old tune, to which he had ap- lied words of his own. At the end of ach verse he gave a peculiar step, "rocking de heel" in the manner since so general among the long generation of his delineators, and these were the words of his refrain:

Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis so,
An' ebery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow.

Rice closely watched this unconscious performer, and recognized in him a character entirely new to the stage. He wrote a number of verses, quickened and slightly changed the air, made up exactly like the original, and appeared before a Louisville audience, which, as Mr. Con- ner, says, went mad with delight, recall- ng him on the first night at least twenty times. And so Jim Crow jumped into fame, and something that looks almost like immortality.—*Harper's.*

A Craft Propelled by Explosions.

The "Eureka" is a novel craft which has been squirming about the East River lately. Her novelty consists in the fact that she is propelled by explosions of oil and air, operating upon the water through ports in her stern. She attained a velocity of four or five miles an hour by this means and her inventor is satisfied with his discovery. It is reported that the motion of the boat "was very steady save for the thumping at the stern, due to the effects of the explosion." With a maximum speed of five miles an hour, and the impossibility of telling whether the boat has struck a rock or is only going through with her accustomed thumps, the Eureka can hardly be called a scream- ing success.—*New York Commercial Ad- vertiser.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

English women refuse to adopt the low-crowned hat.

The newest thing in work-baskets is a Japanese lantern.

A labor lyceum for women has been organized in St. Paul.

Soft finished piques are sometimes used for tennis costumes.

Tan colored leather is used extensively for trimming dresses.

Rhinestone belt buckles are countenanced this summer.

Selvedges form the trimming to some of the summer gowns.

A woman's exchange has been opened in Brook street, London.

Low hats tied on with narrow strings are worn at tennis parties.

White China silk is one of the favorite fabrics for summer dresses.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is in Italy gathering points for a new story.

Seventy-five women in the United States are practising lawyers.

Ribbons intended for sashes vary in width from ten to twelve inches.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular women orators in England.

Tapestry painting is the craze of the moment with young girl art students.

The military girl is an established institution at the University of Minnesota.

Sandal shoes are worn with Empire and Directory gowns on the other side.

Englishmen who affect the single eyeglass use one encircled with a gold rim.

Leather and chamois trimmings are again seen on traveling and utility suits.

The new rococo ribbons look like the beds of flower garden in full June bloom.

Silk gowns in black and white are most fashionable when designed in scrolls.

Tucks on the skirt, tucks on the sleeves, tucks on the waist, tucks everywhere!

Ribbons for dresses, hats and bonnets come in widths varying from two seven inches.

Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jennie June) is about to start a new paper called the *Woman's Century.*

Women interviewers are said to be far more successful than men on London newspapers.

Batiste dresses, with parasol to match, will serve as all-day dresses at the watering places.

Fancy sleeves of some thin fabric are worn this season in tennis blouses of thicker material.

All the new jerseys are made as nearly as possible after the pattern of the fashionable bodices.

A taste for shot twilled silk is revived, as they suit dresses of the Empire style and that of 1830.

There are eight ladies of title in England who carry on the business of dress and mantle making.

A Philadelphia washerwoman contributed the only mattress she had for the Johnstown sufferers.

There are over 3,000,000 women in this country who are engaged in work which is not domestic.

A young woman who has her own living to make needs to disembarrass herself of all false pride.

Among the dressy yet inexpensive materials of the season are beautifully printed mohairs and alpacas.

Irish poplins are beautiful in combination with soft woolen material, as they come in such lovely tintings.

The Elmira (N. Y.) College is the oldest college in the world chartered for the education of women.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is nearly seventy, but her figure is straighter than that of many a girl of seventeen.

Dr. Giusepina Cattant is a woman, and she has been appointed lecturer on pathology at the University of Bologna, Italy.

The long handled double eyeglasses now used so much by ladies seem to empower them with the privilege to stare.

Zotique Kandahar, of Chicago, claims to have discovered a potion which will change blondes to brunettes, and vice versa.

Miss Juliet Corson, the cooking school instructor, has become so much of an invalid that she is not able to leave her room.

A popular St. Louis girl recently received during a short spell of sickness 500 roses and forty-eight pounds of candy.

The new Duchess of Portland ranks eighteen in the list of peeresses, and the American Duchess of Marlborough takes precedence of her.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a County Councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white.

Among the New York subscriptions to the Johnstown fund is the sum of $3000 given by a bride who realized the amount by selling forty silver wedding presents.

Boston humanitarians are protesting against the proposed slaughter of bluejays in order that their plumage may be used for the decoration of women's bonnets.

A Nova Scotia woman became engaged to be married to a man and patiently submitted to his delays of the marriage for thirty years and brought suit for $30,000 damages. She did not, however, do this until he had married another woman.

About Those Who Are Engaged.

Sophronia is engaged. She lives in a world of her own. Some one has said, "Love is as hard to hide as fire." Sophronia does not so much as hold up a hand-screen to hide the intensity of hers. Her condition is ecstatic.

Webster is the Romeo of this ardent love episode. His name is Daniel Webster Jones, but he prefers to be known as D. Webster. He allows his chum the familiarity of Webb, and lately has been heard to sigh when Sophronia in sentimental mood whispers, "Webby." This slide has brought him to the lowest round of the stately ladder he had scaled, of nomenclatrical dignity.

But what would he not endure for that dear girl?

He comes and drinks weak tea with her family; admires the grace with which she manipulates the urn. He tells her so, and whispers something about when she will pour tea and butter toast for him alone, although he makes a mental reservation that it will be coffee and buttered beefsteak.

His unselfish devotion is so great he without a protest contracts malaria, frequenting in her company her favorite spots in the park, that through their seclusion are damp and vaporous. He courageously wears blue goggles, his eyes having grown troublesome in the daytime from sitting in a dimly lighted parlor evenings.

The martyrdom of lovers in sacrificing themselves, as in the latter incident, in courtship has never been sufficiently dilated upon. It is the highest proof of a lover's unselfishness. At no other epoch of a man's life will he abide in shadowy apartments.

As a young man at home his smoking-room has a myriad of gas-jets; his dressing apartments are open to the sky.

As a *pater familias* the dining-room shades are let fly to the top, the lace draperies of the drawing-room, when he is around, are tucked up on hooks, chairs—anything to allow "plenty of good light."

No, it is woman who revels in dim religious lights and æsthetic shadows.

But this digression is anything but complimentary to our most interesting engaged couple—interesting to themselves at least.

We must not object to their loving each other and their selfish ways. Love is supposed to be an important item in connubial felicity, but sometimes it has been observed to be missing. Courting may be their sole experience in that line.

It is a sad fact to contemplate, but this rapturous state may end disastrously. If it is a first attack, it is pretty certain to do so.

"Whom first we love, you know,
We seldom wed."

Courtship is a sort of trial balance, and, if the state of things does not look promising, they take the benefit of the bankrupt law and dissolve partnership. The wildest love does much to tame undisciplined hearts. They exhibit the same feverish haste to extinguish the last ember of the flame into white ashes with which they stimulated it to white heat with rhapsodical meanderings.

As before suggested, this is sad to contemplate, but not so harrowing as in the days when it was considered necessary to die from blighted affections. No one dies of a broken engagement nowadays. We are none of us acquainted with such a lovelorn being.

The grim lesson of statistics teaches us that Sophronia in such a calamity will pay the same minute attention to the fit of her tailor-made suit, bandoline her bang to the requisite taste of stiffness, as of yore. Lankiness in love went out with Heloise's curls.

As to him, to whom in saying adieu we will restore the dignity of Webster, he also survives, slightly dilapidated by weak tea, etc., but still in the ring. Shakspeare understood these cases when he said, "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

He who loves and runs away may live to love some other day, is a sentiment not always despicable. Constancy is monotonous, uniformity tame. If either experiences a momentary gloom, they can in solitude fling themselves into their pocket handkerchief and sob it out there. They sob, however, in the sunshine of hope.

This sunshine but adds sweetness to the Platonic friendship with which they each swear allegiance with some one else over the pretty finger on which lies the wedding ring.

REMEDY FOR SUNSTROKES.

Whatever is to be done in this disease, must be done quickly. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom and lay the hand upon his chest: if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that whatever is the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient should be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to his waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water dashed over him until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.—St. Louis Magazine.

An Albany syndicate has purchased the Durant tract of land in the Adirondacks, paying $660,000 for it. The track embraces 188,000 acres, and contains 570,000,000 feet of spruce lumber. It is stated that the object of the syndicate is to make a corner in this lumber, which is much used in making wood-pulp.

A radish 25 1-2 inches around was exhibited the other day in a store at Winter Haven, Florida.

A Fair Trial

of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial."—W. B. Dramen, 261 Spring St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SINGERS who have used Piso's Cure for Consumption say it is BEST OF ALL. Sold everywhere. 25c

Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florida, Colorado and California have each been much prescribed for sufferers from lung disease, yet thousands of the natives in those States die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one can be used at home: a remedy which is sold by druggists, under the manufacturers' *positive guarantee* that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy for consumption (or lung-scrofula) known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under a guarantee.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

Simon Cameron was in public life in 1829 and a United States Senator in 1845.

Don't you *want* to *save money,* clothes, time, labor, fuel and health? All these can be saved if you will *try* Dobbins's Electric Soap. We say "*try,*" knowing if you try it *once,* you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

One of every three property owners in Carson City, Nev., has an artesian well.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

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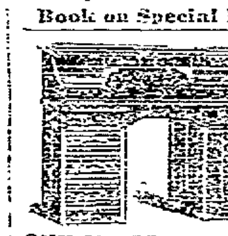

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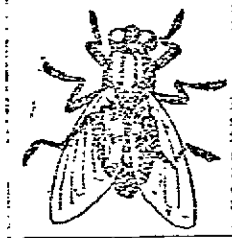

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So long ago as 1856 James Nasmyth told the British Association for the Advancement of Science that the thunderbolt's course was not zigzagged, as artists for centuries had represented, but sinuous like a river; and he also declared that lightning sometimes had forks or branches. This was the result of singularly keen observation. Photographs, however, corroborate his views in a marvellous way.

The Original Jim Crow.

In the summer of 1828, back of the Louisville (Ky.) Theatre was a livery stable kept by a man named Crow. The actors could look into the stable yard from the windows of their dressing rooms, and were very fond of watching the movements of an old and decrepit slave who was employed by the proprietor to do all sorts of odd jobs. As was the custom among the colored people he had assumed his master's name, and called himself Jim Crow. He was very much deformed—the right shoulder was drawn up high, and the left leg was stiff and crooked at the knee, which gave him a painful, but at the same time ludicrous, limp. He was in the habit of crooning a queer old tune, to which he had applied words of his own. At the end of each verse he gave a peculiar step, "crocking de heel" in the manner since so general among the long generation of his delineators, and these were the words of his refrain:

Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis so,
An' ebery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow.

Rice closely watched this unconscious performer, and recognized in him a character entirely new to the stage. He wrote a number of verses, quickened and slightly changed the air, made up exactly like the original, and appeared before a Louisville audience, which, as Mr. Conner, says, went mad with delight, recalling him on the first night at least twenty times. And so Jim Crow jumped into fame, and something that looks almost like immortality.—*Harper's.*

A Craft Propelled by Explosions.

The "Eureka" is a novel craft which has been squirming about the East River lately. Her novelty consists in the fact that she is propelled by explosions of oil and air, operating upon the water through ports in her stern. She attained a velocity of four or five miles an hour by this means and her inventor is satisfied with his discovery. It is reported that the motion of the boat "was very steady save for the thumping at the stern, due to the effects of the explosion." With a maximum speed of five miles an hour, and the impossibility of telling whether the boat has struck a rock or is only going through with her accustomed thumps, the Eureka can hardly be called a screaming success.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

English women refuse to adopt the low-crowned hat.

The newest thing in work-baskets is a Japanese lantern.

A labor lyceum for women has been organized in St. Paul.

Soft finished piques are sometimes used for tennis costumes.

Tan colored leather is used extensively for trimming dresses.

Rhinestone belt buckles are countenanced this summer.

Selvedges form the trimming to some of the summer gowns.

A woman's exchange has been opened in Brook street, London.

Low hats tied on with narrow strings are worn at tennis parties.

White China silk is one of the favorite fabrics for summer dresses.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is in Italy gathering points for a new story.

Seventy-five women in the United States are practising lawyers.

Ribbons intended for sashes vary in width from ten to twelve inches.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular women orators in England.

Tapestry painting is the craze of the moment with young girl art students.

The military girl is an established institution at the University of Minnesota.

Sandal shoes are worn with Empire and Directory gowns on the other side.

Englishmen who affect the single eyeglass use one encircled with a gold rim.

Leather and chamois trimmings are again seen on traveling and utility suits.

The new rococo ribbons look like the beds of flower garden in full June bloom.

Silk gowns in black and white are most fashionable when designed in scrolls.

Tucks on the skirt, tucks on the sleeves, tucks on the waist, tucks everywhere!

Ribbons for dresses, hats and bonnets come in widths varying from two seven inches.

Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jennie June) is about to start a new paper called the *Woman's Century.*

Women interviewers are said to be far more successful than men on London newspapers.

Batiste dresses, with parasol to match, will serve as all-day dresses at the watering places.

Fancy sleeves of some thin fabric are worn this season in tennis blouses of thicker material.

All the new jerseys are made as nearly as possible after the pattern of the fashionable bodices.

A taste for shot twilled silk is revived, as they suit dresses of the Empire style and that of 1830.

There are eight ladies of title in England who carry on the business of dress and mantle making.

A Philadelphia washerwoman contributed the only mattress she had for the Johnstown sufferers.

There are over 3,000,000 women in this country who are engaged in work which is not domestic.

A young woman who has her own living to make needs to disembarrass herself of all false pride.

Among the dressy yet inexpensive materials of the season are beautifully printed mohairs and alpacas.

Irish poplins are beautiful in combination with soft woolen material, as they come in such lovely tintings.

The Elmira (N. Y.) College is the oldest college in the world chartered for the education of women.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is nearly seventy, but her figure is straighter than that of many a girl of seventeen.

Dr. Giusepina Cattani is a woman, and she has been appointed lecturer on pathology at the University of Bologna, Italy.

The long handled double eyeglasses now used so much by ladies seem to empower them with the privilege to stare.

Zotique Kandahar, of Chicago, claims to have discovered a potion which will change blondes to brunettes, and vice versa.

Miss Juliet Corson, the cooking school instructor, has become so much of an invalid that she is not able to leave her room.

A popular St. Louis girl recently received during a short spell of sickness 500 roses and forty-eight pounds of candy.

The new Duchess of Portland ranks eighteen in the list of peeresses, and the American Duchess of Marlborough takes precedence of her.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a County Councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white.

Among the New York subscriptions to the Johnstown fund is the sum of $3000 given by a bride who realized the amount by selling forty silver wedding presents.

Boston humanitarians are protesting against the proposed slaughter of blue-jays in order that their plumage may be used for the decoration of women's bonnets.

A Nova Scotia woman became engaged to be married to a man and patiently submitted to his delays of the marriage for thirty years and brought suit for $30,000 damages. She did not, however, do this until he had married another woman.

About Those Who Are Engaged.

Sophronia is engaged. She lives in a world of her own. Some one has said, "Love is as hard to hide as fire;" Sophronia does not so much as hold up a hand-screen to hide the intensity of hers. Her condition is ecstatic.

Webster is the Romeo of this ardent love episode. His name is Daniel Webster Jones, but he prefers to be known as D. Webster. He allows his chum the familiarity of Webb, and lately has been heard to sigh when Sophronia in sentimental mood whispers, "Webby." This slide has brought him to the lowest round of the stately ladder he had scaled, of nomenclatrical dignity.

But what would he not endure for that dear girl?

He comes and drinks weak tea with her family; admires the grace with which she manipulates the urn. He tells her so, and whispers something about when she will pour tea and butter toast for him alone, although he makes a mental reservation that it will be coffee and buttered beefsteak.

His unselfish devotion is so great he without a protest contracts malaria, frequenting in her company her favorite spots in the park, that through their seclusion are damp and vaporous. He courageously wears blue goggles, his eyes having grown troublesome in the daytime from sitting in a dimly lighted parlor evenings.

The martyrdom of lovers in sacrificing themselves, as in the latter incident, in courtship has never been sufficiently dilated upon. It is the highest proof of a lover's unselfishness. At no other epoch of a man's life will he abide in shadowy apartments.

As a young man at home his smoking-room has a myriad of gas-jets; his dressing apartments are open to the sky.

As a *pater familias* the dining-room shades are let fly to the top, the lace draperies of the drawing-room, when he is around, are tucked up on hooks, chairs—anything to allow "plenty of good light."

No, it is woman who revels in dim religious lights and æsthetic shadows.

But this digression is anything but complimentary to our most interesting engaged couple—interesting to themselves at least.

We must not object to their loving each other and their selfish ways. Love is supposed to be an important item in connubial felicity, but sometimes it has been observed to be missing. Courting may be their sole experience in that line.

It is a sad fact to contemplate, but this rapturous state may end disastrously. If it is a first attack, it is pretty certain to do so.

"Whom first we love, you know,
We seldom wed."

Courtship is a sort of trial balance, and, if the state of things does not look promising, they take the benefit of the bankrupt law and dissolve partnership. The wildest love does much to tame undisciplined hearts. They exhibit the same feverish haste to extinguish the last ember of the flame into white ashes with which they stimulated it to white heat with rhapsodical meanderings.

As before suggested, this is sad to contemplate, but not so harrowing as in the days when it was considered necessary to die from blighted affections. No one dies of a broken engagement nowadays. We are none of us acquainted with such a lovelorn being.

The grim lesson of statistics teaches us that Sophronia in such a calamity will pay the same minute attention to the fit of her tailor-made suit, bandoline her bang to the requisite taste of stiffness, as of yore. Lankiness in love went out with Heloise's curls.

As to him, to whom in saying adieu we will restore the dignity of Webster, he also survives, slightly dilapidated by weak tea, etc., but still in the ring. Shakspeare understood these cases when he said, "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

He who loves and runs away may live to love some other day, is a sentiment not always despicable. Constancy is monotonous, uniformity tame. If either experiences a momentary gloom, they can in solitude fling themselves into their pocket handkerchief and sob it out there. They sob, however, in the sunshine of hope.

This sunshine but adds sweetness to the Platonic friendship with which they each swear allegiance with some one else over the pretty ringer on which lies the wedding ring.

REMEDY FOR SUNSTROKES.

Whatever is to be done in this disease, must be done quickly. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom and lay the hand upon his chest: if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that whatever is the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient should be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to his waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water dashed over him until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.—St. Louis Magazine.

An Albany syndicate has purchased the Durant tract of land in the Adirondacks, paying $600,000 for it. The track embraces 89,000 acres, and contains 570,000,000 feet of spruce lumber. It is stated that the object of the syndicate is to make a corner in this lumber, which is much used in making wood pulp.

A radish 25 1-2 inches around was exhibited the other day in a store at Winter Haven, Florida.

A Fair Trial

If Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit, We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial."—W. B. DEAMISH, 261 Spring St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SINGERS who have used Piso's Cure for Consumption say it is BEST OF ALL. Sold everywhere. 25c

Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florida, Colorado and California have each been much prescribed for sufferers from lung disease, yet thousands of the natives in those States die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one can be used at home, a remedy which is sold by druggists, under the manufacturers' *positive guarantee* that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy for consumption (or lung-scrofula) known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under a guarantee

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

Simon Cameron was in public life in 1829 and a United States Senator in 1845.

Don't you *want* to *save money*, clothes, time, labor, fuel and health? All these can be saved if you will *try* Dobbins's Electric Soap. We say "*try*," knowing if you try it *once*, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

One of every three property owners in Carson City, Nev., has an Artesian well.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

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IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION OR MONTHLY SICKNESS

IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER & SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED

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Dr. Lobb, After ALL others fail, consult 329 N. 15th St. PHILA., PA.

Twenty years' continuous practice in the treatment and cure of the awful effects of early vice, destroying both mind and body. Medicine and treatment for one month, Five Dollars, sent securely sealed from observation to any address.

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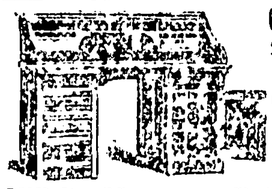

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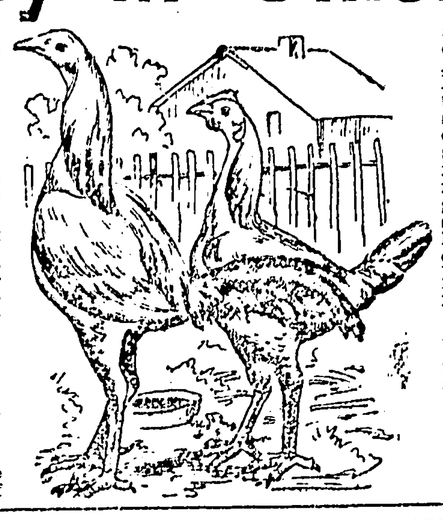

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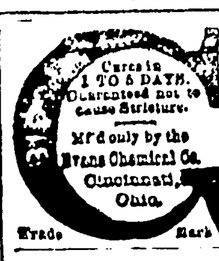

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 9, 1889.

EFFECTS OF MODERN LIFE.—Eminent authorities unanimously agree that the high pressure methods of modern life are rapidly making us a race of helpless invalids—subject to all manner of nervous affections, headache, insanity, dizziness, neuralgia, hysteria, nervous troubles of the heart, stomach, kidneys, brain, etc. Ladies and gentlemen who are thus afflicted, or who are compelled to keep late hours, do much mental or physical work, who worry or gret about business or domestic troubles should remember that no other remedy in the world will so speedily cure these diseases, remove worry and the blues, induce tranquil sleep, relieve pain, or build up the brain and nervous system, as Dr. Miles' great discovery, the Restorative Nervine. It contains no opium or morphine. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

Brady, the 16-year-old son of Conductor Wills Taylor, of the Beech Creek railroad, died under peculiar circumstances Saturday at Williamsport, after a brief illness. The cause of his death was a mystery until a post mortem was made Sunday, which revealed the fact that a lot of cherry pits which he had swallowed in eating cherries had caused perforation of the bowels. He was a bright young man and was a favorite in social circles.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.—W. D. Suit, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Dicks' drug store.

During a furious rain storm at Chicago Saturday night an unfinished building was blown down completely demolishing a frame cottage that stood beside it. Eight persons were killed outright and four badly wounded.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.—"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at Dicks' drug store.

The indignant Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan will be succeeded as Persian Ambassador at Washington by Ammu Abdallah, who is said to be the fattest man in Persia. His weight is stated to be 347 pounds.

FORTUNATE FATHER AND SON.—"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholomew, of Kalaska, Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's Disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six feet under the sod.

The heat in Russia and other parts of Northern Europe has been intense of late. The central observatory at St. Petersburg has not recorded such a high time of the year since 1774.

LOOK TO YOUR HEART.—Mrs. Chas. Greenwood, of Indianapolis, had what the doctors called asthma, but she got little relief until she took Dr. Miles' New Cure, which soon made her long-winded, stopped the pain in chest, swelling of ankles, cough, palpitation, etc. Sold at Dicks'.

A visitor at Santa Cruz tried to swim in the surf. A wave was carrying him out to sea when three girls rescued him. He presented each with a silk dress. Somehow, this story doesn't seem to end right.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Two children of Horation Frazer, with their parents, were capsized in their boat at Providence, R. I., Friday, and the children were drowed.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, who defeated Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., July 8, was arrested in New York last Wednesday night on a requisition from the Governor of Mississippi.

CATHARTIC PILLS ARE WHIPS to the liver and bowels, but give no strength. The more you take the more you need. Miles' Pills (M. P.) positively strengthen. The longer taken the less required. Samples free at Dicks'.

Prof. J. W. Howell, a well-known educator of Rutledge, Tenn., is dying of hydrophobia. He was bitten thirteen years ago by a black and tan terrier.

MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 bottle, 6 for $5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout,

N. Y. Price One dollar. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Prepared by

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

$1 per bottle. Six for $5. By all druggists.

J. M. MARTIN,

Irishtown, Pa., dealer in

All kinds of Groceries,
Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups,
Spices.
Canned Goods: corn, peas, tomatoes, peaches, oysters.
Dried Fruit: apples, peaches, prunes, blackberries, corn, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc., etc.
Oranges, apples, rice, hominy, beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and corn meal, feed, etc.
cheese. soaps.

A comic paper called Crack Shots given with every 10-cent plug of tobacco.

A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.

FIFTY DOLLARS for LIFE SCHOLARSHIP
PALMS'
BUSINESS COLLEGE
1709 Chestnut St., Philada.
Positions for Graduates.
Time required 3 to 4 mos.
BEST Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this paper.

FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

A GOOD INVESTMENT!

Here a chance for you.—Shoes must go and we know what we must do to make them go, the price must be the inducement. During the heavy rains our cellar was flooded and we were obliged to move our entire stock from the cellar to the upper floors, and we are so cramped for room that we are positively obliged to sell several thousand dollars' worth of goods in order to get room for our fall goods which we are buying.

The following are some of the bargains we offer:—

A lot of Ladies' genuine kid and Dongola Button Shoes, all solid, at $1.

A lot of Ladies' old hand-turned shoes at $1.50, regular price $2.75.

A lot of Men's light colored shoes, all solid at $1.75.

A lot of Ladies' Oxford ties, in all qualities, that must go at way down prices.

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A lot of Men's handmade French calfskin shoes will be closed out at $2.50.

Men's every day shoes, all solid, $1.

A lot of Wigwam light colored slippers, at 50 and 75 cents.

A lot of Men's fine patent leather shoes, guaranteed to be French calf and all handmade at a great reduction.

We cannot give you a list of all the goods we are going to sell you at these low prices, but we must close a great many goods and these prices will only hold good until our stock is reduced.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

Advertise in the ITEM to draw trade

FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY GROCERY.

Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

—:(o):—

P. J. NOEL

having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, promising the public a first-class stock of goods in his line at the lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of

GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Teas, Salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soaps, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

COUNTRY PRODUCE also dealt in extensively, and sellers and buyers are invited to give his store their custom. Nothing left undone to please and no trouble to show goods and prices. Remember the old stand, S. E. Cor. Centre Square It is the place to get the worth of your money, not more.

13june79. WALK IN!

The Celebrated New Oxford

ICE CREAM

THE undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish

Pic-Nics, Celebrations,

as well as

Retailers and Families,

at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

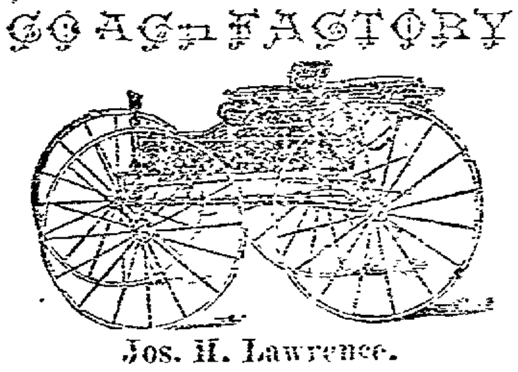
SPECIAL RATES.

He returns his thanks to his many patrons and kindly requesting them as well all others who may become his patrons to return cans and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. BLUE FRONT, on Pitt street, near the R. R. Depot New Oxford, Adams county Pa.

D. H. A. MELHORN.

NEW OXFORD

COACH FACTORY



Jos. H. Lawrence.

NEW OXFORD. - - Pa.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimming—in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade: I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

REPAIRING

of all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices

12mar85tf Jos. H. LAWRENCE.

25,000 CARPENTERS to use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, $2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address, E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

1apr82ly.

Subscribe for the ITEM, only $1.

New Goods! Big Bargains!

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

MERCHANT-TAILORING!

Gents' Furnishing goods! Dry goods!
Notions, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Carpet-chain,
Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c., &c.
All at the very lowest prices.

CARVER & LITTLE,

Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., HANOVER, PA.

STORE CLEANING TIME!

The wide awake merchant is at this sort of thing early. While our stock is full of all sorts of Hot Weather Goods, we are at the same time cleaning up all sorts of goods at a SACRIFICE PRICE which makes our store the most economical place in the county to buy from. Our stock is very complete in every particular and free from what merchants term Hard Stock, so that whatever you buy from us is fresh, new and clean.

Call on the Leaders:

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

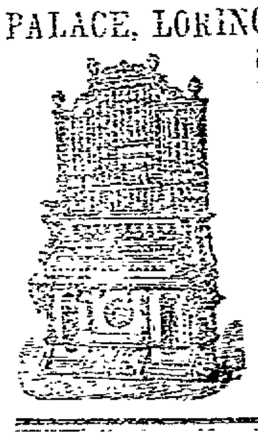
GETTYSBURG, PA.

PIANOS & ORGANS!

We have always a large stock of first-class instruments, such as

WEBER, DECKER BROS., NEW ENGLAND, FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS;

PALACE, LORING & BLAKE, ESTEY, SMITH'S AMERICAN, MASON & HAMLIN, WEAVER, COTAGE QUEEN, WILCOX & WHITE, BURDETTE, & NEW ENGLAND ORGANS.



We sell on easy terms at a low figure, on installments or for cash.

We also trade on old pianos and organs.
Pianos and organs for rent by the month or year.
Every instrument fully warranted as represented.
Give me a call.

MARIA L. FORRY & CO.,
Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

—GRAIN AND—

PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Prick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., &c.

also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. My Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

mar7 Z. H. CASHMAN.

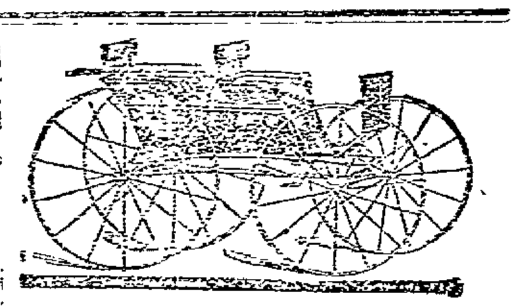
FRESH OYSTERS
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine
Aspinwall Bananas
at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA
ICE CREAM
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

JOB WORK
of every description
NEAT, QUICK, CHEAP.

$93 Sewing-Machine FREE To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.



CARRIAGES & BUGGIES!

BOND & CO.

(Successors to Weaver & Co.)

Manufacturers of

Light Carriages!

of every description.

Every vehicle turned out of our Works is made throughout,—wood work, ironing, trimming, painting, in our own shops, under our own supervision and we are thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

Top and No Top Buggies, Jump Seats, for 2 and 4 passengers, Extension-Top Phaetons, Brewster Side-Bar Buggies, Piano Box Buggies, 2 and 3 Spring Phaetons, Dayton Wagons, &c.

We are prepared to do all kinds of repairing such as Painting, Smithing, Trimming, and Woodwork. All work done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Call and see our stock. BOND & CO., Corner of High and Bolton Sts., New Oxford, Pa.

NEW OXFORD

Flouring Mills.

E. G. WINAND, PROP'R.

Choice Family Roller & Burr Flour!

This flour is put up in ½ and ¼ bbl. sacks, and will make Nicer, Sweeter and More Nutritious Bread than any other flour in the county; for sale in New Oxford, by Z. H. Cashman, G. N. Warner, and Red Front. All kinds of Grinding done at short notice. Bran, chop, and all kinds of feeds for sale at lowest cash prices. Delivery wagon to New Oxford every Monday and Thursday. P. O. address, NEW OXFORD, PA.

NEW TYPE
makes us better prepared to do
JOB WORK!!
Neat and Quick Work. Low Prices

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 9, 1889.

EFFECTS OF MODERN LIFE.—Eminent authorities unanimously agree that the high pressure methods of modern life are rapidly making us a race of helpless invalids—subject to all manner of nervous affections, headache, insanity, dizziness, neuralgia, hysteria, nervous troubles of the heart, stomach, kidneys, brain, etc. Ladies and gentlemen who are thus afflicted, or who are compelled to keep late hours, do much mental or physical work, who worry or fret about business or domestic troubles should remember that no other remedy in the world will so speedily cure these diseases, remove worry and the blues, induce tranquil sleep, relieve pain, or build up the brain and nervous system, as Dr. Miles' great discovery, the Restorative Nervine. It contains no opium or morphine. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

Brady, the 16-year-old son of Conductor Wills Taylor, of the Beech Creek railroad, died under peculiar circumstances Saturday at Williamsport, after a brief illness. The cause of his death was a mystery until a post mortem was made Sunday, which revealed the fact that a lot of cherry pits which he had swallowed in eating cherries had caused perforation of the bowels. He was a bright young man and was a favorite in social circles.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.—W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Dicks' drug store.

During a furious rain storm at Chicago Saturday night an unfinished building was blown down completely demolishing a frame cottage that stood beside it. Eight persons were killed outright and four badly wounded.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.—"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at Dicks' drug store.

The indignant Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan will be succeeded as Persian Ambassador at Washington by Ammu Abdallah, who is said to be the fattest man in Persia. His weight is stated to be 347 pounds.

FORTUNATE FATHER AND SON.—"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholomew, of Kalaska, Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's Disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six feet under the sod.

The heat in Russia and other parts of Northern Europe has been intense of late. The central observatory at St. Petersburg has not recorded such a high time of the year since 1774.

LOOK TO YOUR HEART.—Mrs. Chas. Greenwood, of Indianapolis, had what the doctors called asthma, but she got little relief until she took Dr. Miles' New Cure, which soon made her long-winded, stopped the pain in chest, swelling of ankles, cough, palpitation, etc. Sold at Dicks'.

A visitor at Santa Cruz tried to swim in the surf. A wave was carrying him out to sea when three girls rescued him. He presented each with a silk dress. Somehow, this story doesn't seem to end right.

BUCKLEN S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Two children of Horation Frazer, with their parents, were capsized in their boat at Providence, R. I., Friday, and the children were drowed.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, who defeated Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., July 8, was arrested in New York last Wednesday night on a requisition from the Governor of Mississippi.

CATHARTIC PILLS ARE WHIPS to the liver and bowels, but give no strength. The more you take the more you need. Miles' Pills (M. P.) positively strengthen. The longer taken the less required. Samples free at Dicks'.

Prof. J. W. Howell, a well-known educator of Rutledge, Tenn., is dying of hydrophobia. He was bitten thirteen years ago by a black and tan terrier.

MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 bottle, 6 for $5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

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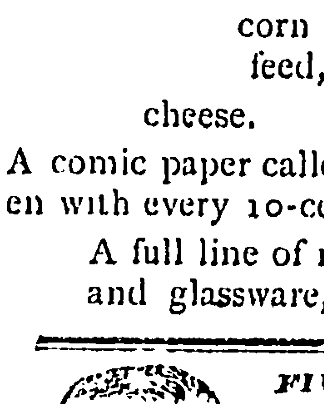

FIFTY DOLLARS for LIFE SCHOLARSHIP **PALMS'** BUSINESS COLLEGE 1709 Chestnut St., Philada. **Positions for Graduates. Time required 3 to 4 mos.** *BEST Equipped.* **Best Course of Study.** *Circulars free if you name this paper.*

FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch ... $100. ... in the world ... keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free,** and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch** and **Samples**. We pay all express, freight etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—*BEST*
LIVER SYRUP
For Health, Strength, Vigor and the Blood. CURES Headache, Dyspepsia, Sallow Complexion, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.
PAIN BALM
INFANTS' RELIEF.
LUNG SYRUP.
LINIMENT. The Great ... Remedy for Neuralgia, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Corns, Burns, Felons, &c.
... Everywhere. Address VICTOR REMEDIES CO., FREDERICK, MD.

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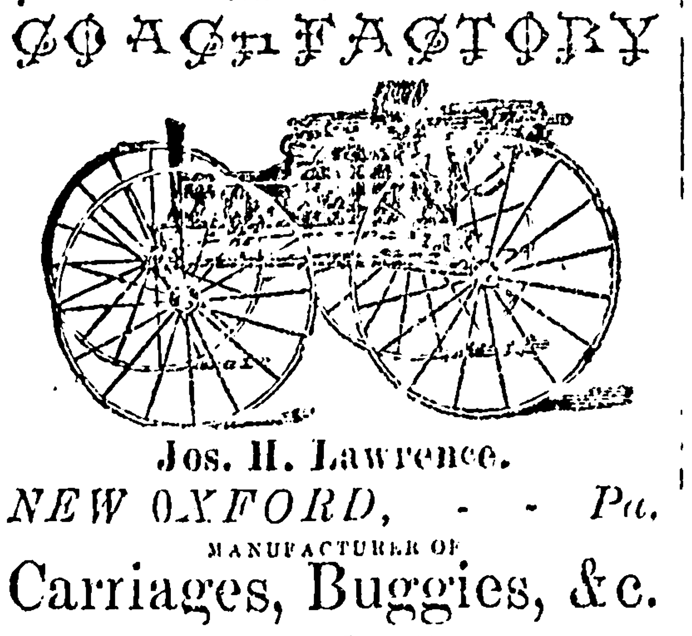

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at the Red Front Grocery

to-morrow evening.

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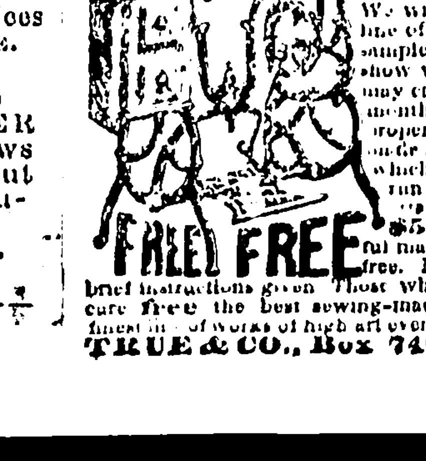

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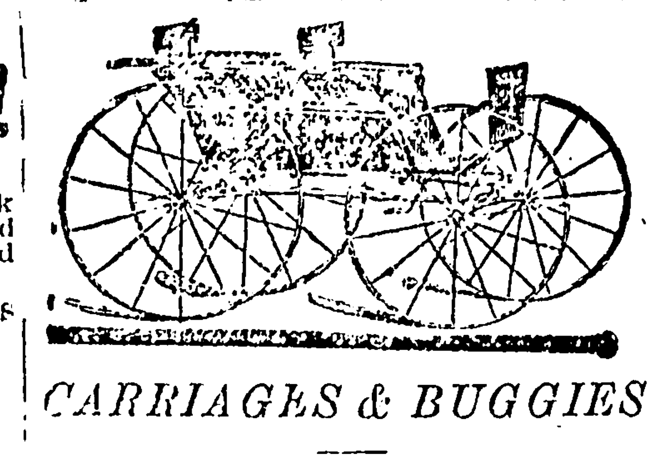

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